

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE

Is published every Friday, at Salem, Columbian Co., Ohio, by the Executive Committee of the WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY; and is the only paper in the Great West which advocates secession from pro-slavery governments and pro-slavery church organizations. It is edited by BENJ. S. and J. E. LIZABETH JONES; and while urging upon the people the duty of holding "No union with slaveholders," either in Church or State, as the only consistent position an abolitionist can occupy, and as the best means for the destruction of slavery; it will, so far as its limits permit, give a history of the daily progress of the anti-slavery cause—exhibit the policy and practice of slaveholders, and by facts and arguments endeavor to increase the zeal and activity of every true lover of Freedom. In addition to its anti-slavery matter, it will contain general news, choice extracts, moral tales, &c. It is to be hoped that all the friends of the Western Anti-Slavery Society—all the advocates of the Disunion movement, will do what they can to aid in the support of the paper, by extending its circulation. You who live in the West should sustain the paper, by publishing in your midst. The Bugle is printed on an imperial sheet and is furnished to subscribers on the following

TERMS.

\$1.00 per annum, if paid on, or before the receipt of the 1st No.

\$1.25 if not paid in advance, but paid within 3 mos. of the time of subscribing; and \$1.50 if payment be delayed longer than 3 mos.

No subscription received for less than six months, and all payments to be made within 6 mos. of the time of subscribing. Subscriptions for less than one year to be paid invariably in advance.

We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

Communications intended for insertion to be addressed to the Editors. All others to the Publishing Agent, JAMES BARNARD.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND AGENTS. The publishers of the Bugle have been put to great inconvenience and considerable expense, in consequence of those with whom they have business transactions neglecting to bear in mind a few necessary rules and regulations which may be thus stated:

1. In sending the name of a new subscriber or a remittance for an old one, write it distinctly, and give not only the name of the Post Office, but the name of the County and State in which said office is located.

2. When the Post Office address of a paper is to be changed, be particular to give the name of the office from which it is to be changed, as well as the one to which it is to be sent.

3. According to general usage, subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as willing to continue their subscriptions; and those who are in arrears cannot discontinue their paper, except at the option of the publishers, until all arrears are paid, and if they neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, or move to other places without informing the publishers, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are responsible for payment.

4. The Courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper (for which the individual has subscribed) from the office, and removing and leaving it uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

5. If you wish to discontinue a paper, first pay all arrears, then request the publishers either personally, by letter from yourself, or through your Post Master to have it stopped.

TO POST MASTERS.

We have not unfrequently received papers returned to us with "Refused" written on them, sometimes they also have the P. O. address, and sometimes no evidence of what portion of the globe they came from. This is not such notice as the law requires to be given; and we therefore desire that in case of discontinuance you will frank a letter (not charge us with postage as some have done) that may be placed on file, giving the reason of the discontinuance if known to you. This, though required by law, has been omitted in very many cases.

Mob at Washington.

The escape and re-capture of the 77 fugitive slaves who left Washington city, created, as might be expected, a considerable excitement. The office of the National Era was attacked, and some of the anti-slavery members of Congress threatened with personal violence. On the 20th ult. Palfrey of Mass. presented the following resolution to the House.

Whereas common report has represented to members of this House that a lawless mob has assembled within the District of Columbia on each of the two nights last past, and has committed acts of violence, setting at defiance the laws and constituted authorities of the United States, and menacing individuals of this body and other persons residing in this city: Therefore

Resolved, That a select committee of five members be appointed to inquire into the facts above referred to; that said committee have power to send for persons and papers; and to report facts, with their opinion as to whether any legislation is necessary or expedient in the premises; and that they further have leave to sit during the sessions of this House.

The Speaker declared it constituted a privileged question, and was therefore in order. An appeal was taken from his decision, and after some debate pro and con, the House adjourned without coming to any decision.

Several members expressed the opinion that the House should only extend protection for words spoken on that floor in debate, and had no right to interfere in any other difficulty.

Jos. R. Ingersoll, said, besides the express

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

VOL. 3.—NO. 38.

SALEM, OHIO, FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1848.

WHOLE NO. 142.

provision of the constitution, there were inherent principles and prerogatives of this body, by which it may vindicate its own honor, and protect itself from assault. He referred to the case just cited by the gentleman from South Carolina to illustrate; and added, that if we were advised of an attempt to invade the personal liberty and safety of an individual member—such a case as he might suppose, namely: he supposed a question was pending here, in which the interests of the south were deeply involved, and a member known to be adverse to those interests about which so much distrust is felt, and such a member is waylaid, and an attempt is made to prevent him, from coming here to exercise his privilege as a legislator, it occurred to Mr. I. that the prerogatives of the House included the power to prevent the success of such an attempt as that. He would undertake to say, that the House possessed the same power to send the sergeant-at-arms and raise a force in such a case as he had supposed, and in the case where a man comes into our presence to interrupt the proceedings of the House. It would be unreasonable in the case supposed, to require the House to wait the tedious process of legislation for the redress of such an indignity.

Without knowing any thing of the character of the rumors upon which the resolution seemed to be founded, he believed the decision of the Speaker to be substantially correct. It was clear to his mind, that if a member should be protected in what he has said, he should also be protected in what he intends to say. If menaces of the character indicated in the resolution can be made out, it ought to pass; and he would suggest, that if the gentleman from Ohio, [Mr. Giddings,] or any other gentleman, knows himself to be liable to insult out of doors, he should get up in his place and say so.

Mr. Deur, (calling for the reading again of the preamble and resolution,) said he did not wish to argue the question at length. He only wished for himself and others to understand what the question presented really is. The case presented in this preamble he considered to be different from the privilege contemplated in the constitution. The preamble says a lawless mob; (Mr. D. did not vouch for the fact;) has threatened the personal safety of certain members of this House. The question, then, if he understood it, was, whether the House has a right to interfere for the purpose of enabling members to come here and take their seats—whether a lawless mob may threaten the life and safety of members with impunity; in short, whether this House may sit here, having the power to protect itself, or whether its sittings may be interrupted and prevented by a lawless mob? If such was the question he did not mean to discuss it here or elsewhere. He asked gentlemen to consider whether such was the real question; but he hoped that, on account of mere rumor; the House would not suffer itself to run into a discussion of so grave a question.

Mr. Inge said we were now acting in the dark. We had no facts upon which to base our opinions. We know that insidious efforts had been made to deprive citizens of this District of their property. He would like to know whether any member had been concerned in those attempts. The resolution alleged that a lawless mob had assembled; but the laws were competent to provide for the correction of that abuse. But he might take issue upon the fact that there is a mob. He did not believe there was any. It might be that members of this House had committed acts which had drawn upon them the indignation of the community; it might be that they had made themselves necessary to a felony.

Mr. Vinton argued that the Speaker could not be permitted to decide upon the right of any member. The Speaker had left it to the House to decide upon that question. He had decided that it was a privileged question, and that the House was to decide whether to entertain it. Upon this, an appeal had been taken. The Speaker was unquestionably right. There was no question of privilege now, but whether facts should be inquired into.

Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Barringer thought the question ought not to be entertained. Mr. Stephens said this was a question merely of order. As far as the merits of the case were concerned, he concurred with his two colleagues from Georgia. As far as the acts spoken of had been alleged, he was prepared to justify those acts. But the causes of the acts spoken of, and their merits, were not now before us. But a proposition having been made for an inquiry, it ought to be entertained; and, if a member had been menaced, the House could then judge whether they should act. But it was for the House, and not the Chair, to decide both privileged questions and questions of privilege. If rumor was true, some members of this House ought to be expelled from this floor.

Mr. H. Cobb said he had misunderstood the decision of the Chair. He now understood that the Chair did not decide that this was a question of privilege. He hoped the gentleman from Pennsylvania would withdraw his appeal, and let the question come fully before the House, whether a question of privilege can arise.

Mr. Brodhead insisted on his appeal. Mr. Cobb held that this was not such a paper as on its face presented a case that the Speaker was obliged to lay it before the House in preference to any business.

The Speaker said the paper was not relied upon by him; but the mere suggestion of the fact that a member complained of the breach of his privilege.

Mr. Cobb explained, that he did not concur in the distinction taken by the Chair. Should the resolution come before the House, and the previous question be ordered, the question would be on its adoption. Therefore the Chair, in deciding that the resolution is in order, decides the question that the paper presents a privileged question.

Mr. Meade urged, that if this was a question of privilege, it was a privileged question. But he should sustain the decision of

the Chair, though not for the reasons given by the Chair. If a member had been attacked for words spoken on this floor, he was for inquiring into the facts. He believed the facts before us authorized an investigation into the question whether members of this House had been guilty of instigating the felonies which had been perpetrated here during the last few days, and whether they did not deserve to be expelled from this body. He should move an amendment to the resolutions proposing such an inquiry.

Mr. Haskell said there were members on this floor, who had made attempts to dissolve the bonds of law and of the constitution; and failing in that, by efforts on this floor, he conscientiously believed that they had resorted to other more direct modes for accomplishing their purpose. We had seen slaves enticed away from their masters—we had seen a resolution coming to this city for that purpose. These men, if found guilty, ought to be hanged as high as Haman. He read an amendment that he should offer, and which will be found below.

Mr. Bayly desired (he said) to have this subject referred to a committee for inquiry. For that purpose, he would move to lay the appeal on the table.

Mr. Stewart made a point of order. It was impossible to get the floor, when half a dozen members, out of their seats, stood up in front of him.

The appeal was then laid on the table, without a division.

The preamble and resolutions were then read.

Mr. Venable said that it was with extreme reluctance that he entered into this discussion. He had hoped, when he came here, that whigs and democrats would meet here, cherishing the common bonds of the Union. But he soon saw here, notwithstanding all the forbearance of the south, that the spirit of fanaticism had taken such a hold of some members, that no question could be brought up here, without an assault upon the south. We have heard a member declare that the slaves ought to run away, and that if their master arrest them, the slave has a right to kill his master, and that he will hail him as a clever fellow. He had examined the law of Ohio on this subject, and found that the law there, as every where, would punish as murder the killing a man while in the exercise of lawful rights. Mr. V. spoke at length, and with much ardor, upon the fanaticism and hypocrisy which dictated the course of the abolitionists.

Mr. Giddings wished to say that he went to the jail to see the captain, and stated that he had brought with him a gentleman who would serve as counsel for him and the other men associated with him. That was said in the presence of many persons.

Mr. Gayle. Did the member go there to be rewarded by the slaves, or from the promptings of humanity?

Mr. Venable continued. He did not desire to pursue the gentleman from Ohio with any feelings of malice; but had the gentleman's sympathy ever flowed for cases of real and meritorious suffering from the oppressor's hand? The case was not known of his pity. But there were men at the North above the influence of this vile fanaticism, and firm supporters of those principles of compromise in the constitution which could not yield to circumstances. He said these provisions of the constitution could not be amended, but by unanimous consent of the States. It did not become any northern man to lecture the South on the disposition to these slaves in their attempt to escape!

Mr. Giddings said it was due to the House, and to the world, that he should make a frank statement. He had no hesitation in answering the question. He held with our fathers, that men were born free and equal, and were entitled to the protection in life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The feeling that mankind, as coming from the Creator's hand, are all equal, he had ever been taught by his fathers. Unlike the gentleman from North Carolina, (Mr. Venable,) he boasted not of his fathers for liberty; but let those who assail me, first take care to set themselves right.

(Many cries of order, and some confusion here interrupted the gentleman from Ohio.)

Mr. Houston, of Delaware, desired to inquire when it was alleged that a member has been menaced by persons out of the House for an alleged participation in a criminal offense against the civil law, whether it was in order for the gentleman from Tennessee to put a question to that member as to the justifiableness of the act?

The Speaker replied that the gentleman was not compelled to answer.

Mr. Giddings. The gentleman puts a question to me. If the "dough-faces" will only keep cool, we may have a pretty fight. He would answer the question. He held with the fathers of 1776, to the principles defended at Yorktown, and on which this government itself was based—that all men are free and equal; and whose ever intrudes between God and me, and attempts to rob me of either of these my inalienable rights, so far as God has bestowed upon me the power, I will resist, and say to him he must not do it. I hold that every man comes into the world with this right. He alluded to the tribulation inflicted by Deceatur upon those oppressors of our people in Algeria, as a most righteous retribution; a cause in which he would have shed his blood freely; for he held that every man, when he is assailed, and power is brought to bear against his inalienable

rights, should defend those rights to the utmost. Coming in this way down to the question of the gentleman from Tennessee, he said that when these slaves of the District of Columbia felt the chains of their bondage being heavily upon them (he stated it before God and the world,) that they possessed the right to free themselves.

Mr. Haskell. I am satisfied. Inasmuch as the gentleman justifies the slaves, I desire also to know whether he justifies the act?

Mr. Giddings did not know there had been thieves in the case.

Mr. Haskell. The men then?

Mr. Giddings. The gentleman may be assured that I do not come here with any design to suppress or disguise a single sentiment. Where laws are enforced, I would not that men should obey them. We are not to interfere with the rights of citizens here, because of our allegiance to the government.

Mr. Venable resumed, sending to the Clerk's table the following amendment, which he had before indicated, but embracing now as a modification the amendment suggested by the gentleman from Tennessee, [Mr. Haskell] which was read as follows:

Strike out the word "five" in the resolution and insert "nine;" and after the word "appointed," the words "by ballot;" also, insert after the words "referred to," the following, viz: "and that said committee be instructed to inquire into and report to this House, whether any member or members of this House were instrumental in procuring the slaves who were recently decoyed from their owners in this District, to leave their owners; and whether the said members of this House have not been guilty of felony in attempting or aiding in an attempt to kidnap slaves."

Mr. Toombs objected to dignifying the resolutions by admitting that the matter involved a question of privilege. He denied the ground assumed by the gentleman from Pennsylvania, [Mr. J. R. Ingersoll.] He held that our rights were better defined under the Constitution than were the rights of British subjects and members of Parliament under their most extravagant and oppressive claims of privilege. He stood here (if reports were true) the defender of the rights of the mob alluded to. Until Congress should pass laws bearing upon the case, the threats of the mob could not be interfered with. He showed that the Speaker in his decision claimed the benefit of a most oppressive precedent which did not apply to the case. The Constitution was our chart, and not the precedents of the British Parliament. He was ready to meet this question at any time. He was ready to stand by the people of this District with physical force, if necessary.

He read from Jefferson's Manual what had been referred to by the gentleman from Pennsylvania, [Mr. Ingersoll] and which he characterized as the authority under which the federalists of 1800 sought to incarcerate certain men for writing against the government. Those only who claim unlimited power for the government, could plead these precedents for their justification. Last night he passed the street and heard the attorney for this District pleading with the mob, that the law of the land was sufficient for the redress of all their grievances; but the law of the land did not seem to be sufficient for the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Palfrey.] He desired that this question should be put upon firm ground. He told the people of this District, that if they could not be allowed to remove from their quiet homes and be secure from those incendiary attempts which lately seemed to have been supported by the influence of members of Congress—if they permitted the continuance of the sessions of this body in their midst, they were worthy of the manacles with which the felons of their prisons were bound.

Awake! Awake!

For the world is rousing up! Not alone here or there, not in the dark despotism of Austria, not in the grinding tyranny of Naples, but every where, in lands barbarian as well as Christian! Awake, then, and answer the world's swelling chorus of freedom, wisely, nobly.

And what has started—what, as all will admit, has helped to swell this commotion—to make the Alps ring, and the lowlands of the Mediterranean echo back the cry for constitutional liberty in all Europe, to annihilate Royalty in France, and lift above it a glorious ideal of Republicanism! Our example! The example of Republican America! Perfect that, then—let not slave nor master be known here; give to one and all the goodly opportunity of doing and thriving—and, in fifty years, this example of ours will secure equality of rights and opportunities in every civilized land upon the earth. Can we refuse?

The *Key of Tunis*, barbarian though he be, has abolished slavery. In his solemn proclamation, he denounces it as a disgrace to Africa, and the Mohammedan religion. Hear you that, freemen of the South! Honest Christian slaveholders, know you this barbarian's act! You are not deaf. None of you, freemen or slaveholders, are deaf to such a glorious deed. Be the foremost, then, in kindred acts. What though political peripatists, madmen, almost, on the subject of slavery, run riot; what though fawning and cringing supplicants of the free States bend the supple knee to them—do you, brave Southerners, who know the evil and the wrong and feel the injustice of slavery; do you rise in your night, and act yourselves, in your own right; put forth your resolve; by lofty deed make clear your lofty purpose—that all shall be free.

For yourselves, slaveholders, do this! The old King of Bardinia, wise in his way—knowing what will be, anticipates the people's demand, by giving them a Constitution. Hear you not their shouts of applause! Hear you not how all Europe rings with his praise! Not thus, not because you cannot help yourself, but because it is right, declare in behalf of emancipation, and there is not a land, far or near, not a nation, civilized or barbarian,

where the people would not rise up and bless you! With one voice, the generous slaveholders of Kentucky, would be hailed as masters of themselves, and true men of mark—as true men who love liberty, and would perpetuate it to the world over!

It is charged against you now, that 'you breed men and maidens, for sale in the market, as the grazer, oxen and swine.'

We have lifted our voice to defend the majority of you from this charge. We have brought upon ourselves severe rebuke for so doing. Yet let us do justice! The flag of the Union floats in sight of shambles where the traffic in human flesh is tolerated—with stonies throw of the *Capitol* of the nation, the infernal commerce is carried on before men, and High Heaven, as if it were just. Here, too, in our own beautiful city, where public opinion revolts at it, this trading in human beings exists, and men and women in coffins, ironed and guarded, are shipped as if they were dumb brutes, to the far South. For this you suffer. For this the cause of humanity suffers! Unite then, philanthropic slaveholders, and declare, come what may to you, whether honor or disgrace, wealth or poverty, that these wrongs shall not be, that you will have no lot nor part in a system which breeds a curse so insupportable, and that among the best and bravest, you will be first in demanding universal emancipation! This will dissipate all such charges, and bring you, not disgrace, not poverty, but honor, wealth, and above all, and better than all, your own self-approval, man's love, God's richest blessing, now and hereafter!

In no other way can we stop the objection urged against us in autocratic lands—in France—in Royal England—in reviving Italy—that here in Republican America—"Man is a thing, property; that marriage has no license, that family ties may be severed when avarice prompts or caprice wills."

Is it so? In theory, this is all true. Examined by our slave codes, tested by our statutes, (and how else can foreigners know us!) the slave States of the South cannot gain say it. There was a time, it is true, when the stout old slaveholder, RUTLEDGE, of South Carolina, or his colleague of wider fame, PICKENS, could assert, as they did, "Religion and Humanity have nothing to do with this question, interest alone is the governing principle of nations;" but this day is past. Kentucky by solemn statute denies and denounces this cold blooded doctrine. She says authoritatively, in her sovereign power, "no slave from abroad shall be added to the number of slaves now on her soil."

But bondage is here; it is fixed upon us; it is on our soil; and, unless we remove it, declare that soil free, there is not a despot in Europe, not a hanger-on in her Royal Courts; not a noble, with or without self-restraint; not a courtier, or court follower, who cannot point to Kentucky, and say: "See there, even in this boasted land of liberty, there are slaves—even there, masters lord it over men, and why should we be called upon to abandon vested rights, time-honored usages, consecrated titles, heaven-appointed royalty, and its appendages?" To clear your skirts, slaveholders, to free your country of a foul blot, to make our Republicanism pure in example, come out for emancipation! Boldly, manfully declare for freedom! Erase from the statute book the slave code, and let no man, no people, point to the records of Kentucky, as sustaining human wrong, or to Kentuckians as upholding, in any way, human oppression.

Our nation, as a nation, must move in behalf of liberty, and freemen and slaveholders of the South should help it to do so.

What a thrill of joy animated our Republic, when South America declared herself free! How our people leaped with enthusiastic delight, when Greece burst the Turkish thraldom! From the halls of Congress, from the primary assemblies of the people, from the press, there went up but one sentiment and one voice. And what was the motive, the spring, of this action? That freedom might be extended; that pure Republicanism might be enjoyed on our continent, and in civilized Europe! And what will South America think, what most Europe say of us, if besides perpetuating slavery in our own land, we conquer other lands to extend it? Why, there would not be a man, woman, or child, out of the Union, that knew the facts who would not hurl against us burning words of scorn and contempt! Shall we put ourselves in this position? Will you, freemen of the South—will you, slaveholders—consent, through fear, self-interest, avarice, ambition, or any consideration whatever, to waken the world's scorn against you, and your native land? Rouse yourselves up, then; stir up all your better influences; concentrate your energies; and make a brave, a great effort, to redeem yourselves from a blighting curse, and the Union from a black and damning cancer-spot.

See how Europe offers you, slaveholders, a noble example! Who leads the Revolution in Sicily? The Nobles. Who anticipates the wish of the people in Sarinjal? The King. Who braves royalty in France? Not one more enthusiastic for liberty, than such Peers as Count D'Alton Shee, and Marquis de Boissy. Nobles and people are for universal freedom. Consecrate yourselves, then, to the glorious faith, and let it be said of you, as the proudest honor earth can confer, or you win, that as far as they could, the slaveholders of Kentucky redeemed Republican America from human thraldom.—*Louisville Examiner.*

FRENCH SLAVE POSSESSIONS.—The action of the Provisional Government of France, in relation to the abolition of Slavery in the French West India Colonies, having directed public attention to their condition and population, a correspondent of the National Intelligence furnishes the following statistics of the white and slave population in the several colonies:

Isle of Bourbon, 17,037 Free Whites, 45,000 Slaves.
Guadaloupe, 28,743 36,684
Martinique, 36,766 78,233
Total, 82,546 219,917

From "Slavery as it is." Kind Treatment.

It is no marvel that slaveholders are always talking of their kind treatment of their slaves. The only marvel is, that men of sense can be gulled by such professions. Despots always insist that they are merciful. The greatest tyrants that ever dripped with blood have assumed the titles of "most gracious," "most clement," "most merciful," &c., and have ordered their cringing vassals to accost them thus. When did not vice lay claim to those virtues which are the opposites of its habitual crimes? The guilty, according to their own showing, are always innocent, and towards brave, and drunkards sober, and harlots chaste, and pickpockets honest to a fault. Every body understands this. When a man's tongue grows thick, and he begins to hie-cough and walk cross-legged, we expect him, as a matter of course, to protest that he is not drunk; so when a man is always singing the praises of his own honesty, we instinctively watch his movements and look out for his pocket-books. Whoever is simple enough to be hoodwinked by such professions, should never be trusted in the streets without somebody to take care of him. Human nature works out in slaveholders just as it does in other men, and in American slaveholders just as in English, French, Turkish, Algerine, Roman and Grecian. The Spartans boasted of their kindness to their slaves, while they whipped them to death by thousands at the altars of their gods. The Romans lauded their own mild treatment of their bondmen, while they branded their names on their flesh with hot iron, and when old, threw them into their flesh ponds, or like Cato "the Just," starved them to death. It is the boast of the Turks that they treat their slaves as though they were their children, yet their common name for them is "dogs," and for the merest trifle, their feet are bastinadoed to a jelly, or their heads clipped off with the scimitar. The Portuguese pride themselves on their gentle bearing toward their slaves, yet the streets of Rio Janeiro are filled with naked men and women yoked in pairs to carts and wagons, and whipped by drivers like beasts of burden.

Slaveholders, the world over, have sung their praises of their tender mercies towards their slaves. Even the wretches that plied the African slave trade, tried to rebut Clarkson's proofs of their cruelties, by speeches, affidavits, and published pamphlets, setting forth the accommodations of the "middle passage," and their kind attentions to the comfort of those whom they had stolen from their homes, and kept stowed away under hatches, during a voyage of four thousand miles. So, according to the testimony of the autocrat of Russia, he exercises great clemency towards the Poles, though he exiles them by thousands to the snows of Siberia, and tramples them down by millions, at home. Who discredits the atrocities perpetrated by Ovando in Hispaniola, Pizarro in Peru, and Cortez in Mexico—because they filled the fars of the Spanish Court with protestations of their benignant rule! While they were yoking the enslaved natives like beasts to the draught, working them to death by thousands in their mines, hunting them with bloodhounds, torturing them on racks, and broiling them on beds of coals, their representations to the mother country teemed with eulogies of their parental sway! The bloody atrocities of Philip II. in the expulsion of his Moorish subjects, are matters of imperishable history.—Who disbelieves or doubts them? And yet his courtiers magnified his virtues and charmed his clemency and his mercy, while the wail of a million of victims, smitten down by a tempest of fire and slaughter, lay low at his bidding, rose above the *Tu Deum* that thundered from all Spain's cathedrals. When Louis XIV. revoked the edict of Nantz, and proclaimed two millions of his subjects free plunder for prosecution,—when from the English channel to the Pyrenees the mangled bodies of the Protestants were dragged on reeking hurdles by a shouting populace, he claimed to be "the father of his people," and wrote himself "His most Christian Majesty."

From the *Ran's Horn*.

"A nigger by the name of Aldridge—no doubt one of our Wilmot Provision men—has been playing Zanga in 'The Revenge,' and Mungo in 'The Padlock,' at the Surrey with considerable cleverness. He was of course called before the curtain, and made a speech. If he has not a white wife, it is not for want of tenders. They like this species of amalgamation in England, and are no respecters of color."

The above is from the Sunday Times, edited by M. M. Noah, and is a fair specimen of his rivalry and democracy. His brethren the Jews have been in bondage for centuries in most parts of the world, and are at present; and although himself in the enjoyment of liberty, he is, and ever has been, an advocate for human bondage. Living in a free State, he takes every opportunity to urge the extension of slavery, and traduce the people of color, although one half of our people are whiter than his brethren in Chatham street, and quite as respectable. The Sunday Times, professing a neutral paper, is "Old Hunker," but to keep up appearances, and especially to keep his subscribers, he covers it over with a thin veil of deception, in order to have a free channel to abuse those who love liberty and equality, and especially the Wilmot Provision men.

The Major has been purchased so many times himself by the political parties, it may have colored his mind as to the wickedness of buying and selling human beings. The extract proves that in England, the most enlightened and powerful nation on the globe—in London, the metropolis of the world, and centre of civilization; yes, even in "old Surrey," a man of color was called out at the end of the play to receive the plaudits of the audience. We never remember to have heard of the Major being called for after the presentation of one of his plays—or of their being presented a second time. One of them was put on the Boards of the Broadway Theatre a few evenings since, and our informant says if there was any applause, it could not be heard in the gallery where he sat, and which in this free country is allowed to occupy. The play was not repeated, and probably never will be. This circumstance, and the "nigger's" success, may have mortified the Major. We think not, however. The Major has ever been a liberty-hating Democrat [or Whig] since we first knew him.

April 17th, 1848.

TREMBLING EXCITEMENT!—THE MONSTER WRITHING!—CHASE AFTER REPUBLICAN PROPERTY!—VENGEANCE STALKS A-BROAD!!!

The Capital of this great republic is all excitement to-day. Sixty-three pieces of republican property, owned by sundry republicans of this District, took their departure towards the North Star on Saturday night last. A Negro owned by one of the officers of the District, being suspected as knowing to the facts, was questioned yesterday forenoon—threatened, flogged, and finally confessed that he had intended to leave with his brethren, but his courage failed, and he determined to wear the chains awhile longer. He was compelled to confess that the whole sixty-three were taken aboard of a small schooner, and taken down the river and conveyed aboard a large one, and they were to be taken thence to the head of the gulph. Immediately the Telegraph was set in motion, and the news went to Baltimore. A steambot started from there in pursuit. It was some eight or ten hours behind the schooner. The people here are confident that she will be overtaken. The Negro says that the Captain received four dollars per head for taking them away. If the poor fellow is overtaken, it will be a penitentiary job for him. Heaven send him propitious gales. I don't want to see him incarcerated in the horrible, dark prison cell. All sorts of vengeance is threatened him. Some say that they will hang him without judge or jury, and others that he ought to be roasted alive. Now all this is very naughty talk; it makes my blood chill in my veins, to hear threats of this character from Washington people. The matter was talked over in our mess at dinner to-day. It was deprecated, of course, by the majority, and especially by some of the *bonhomies*. A German student present, who lately came over de pig water, had not heard of it. The facts were stated to him. Well, said a Southerner at my elbow, ought not that Captain to be flogged alive? "If fishish von republican government," said the German, "I hope that de steamboat will be blowed to the devil, before they catch him." Amen, thought I, before I had time to consider upon the *heinous* character of such a thought. I however retracted, and thought it would be best to wish her hard upon some Polk snag, or on shore. What will become of this city, if the unwarlike laborers, whose souls and bodies belong to the noble guardians of American liberty in this far famed spot, shall take such tremendous strides towards Victoria's regions? I know not. All kinds of threats are openly made against the abolitionists of the District. I think, however, that these blustering plums of the slave power will not presume to carry their designs into execution. They not only await before the omnipotent power of truth, but before the freeman who dares to defend it. If man has no right, either by divine or human laws, to hold property in man, then away with that false delicacy that would not congratulate those sixty-three slaves if they are so fortunate as to obtain that precious boon of liberty which they so much pant after. And I have as much right to express my congratulations in their behalf, as Congress has to express its congratulations in favor of the French people.

Good bye for the present, Mr. Democrat; the senior is here, and I intend to throw the responsibility on to him for the present.—Now for a ramble.

WASHINGTON, April 17, 1848.

MEANS, EDITOR:—The House of Representatives now meets at 12 o'clock. To-day is Monday, and by a vote it has been set apart as a day in which members shall be privileged to move to suspend the rules, by doing which they may be permitted to introduce some favorite resolution or measure. To suspend the rules requires either the unanimous consent of the House, or a vote of two-thirds of those present. Heretofore, motions to suspend the rules have been in order on any day; the consequence of which was, that at the commencement of almost every day's session, there would be several motions made of this kind, the eyes and noses would be called, which generally takes about one half of an hour, and thus a good part of the day was frequently consumed, staved off, and no one could tell when any measure would come before the House. To remedy this evil, Monday is now set apart for the special purpose of making these motions. They are generally of a humbug character, and are made for *Democratic* members who do not expect that their measures will carry, and indeed do not wish to have them, nevertheless, in order that their names may figure in the newspapers, or that they may show special zeal in some measure popular with their constituents, will get up a resolution, and move that the rules may be suspended that they may present it. They often do it, and call the yeas and nays, in order to get their political opponents to record their votes against some motion which they think will be popular with the country. One of the motions made to-day by Charles J. Ingersoll, was of this kind. It was to instruct the committee of Ways and Means to consult with the Secretary of the Treasury, and inquire into the expediency of reducing the duties upon French goods, in order to help, as he said, *the French in their struggle for liberty*. Mr. Holmes, of S. C., advocated the measure, because, if we would do so, France would reduce her duties upon our tobacco, and thus greatly benefit the South. Mr. Vinton, of Ohio, moved to amend the resolution, so as to instruct the committee to inquire simply what changes ought to be made in the tariff of '46. This was a "poser," and Mr. Bailey, of Virginia, to get out of the difficulty, moved to lay the resolution on the table, which was carried, and thus ended this humbug, or attempt to make Locke capital out of the French revolution.—Charles J. Ingersoll is a heavy sinner in the business of humbugging.

The Democrats of the House are in great trouble at this time, to get the Ten Regiment bill before the House, that it may be speedily passed. It now lies upon the table, and cannot be taken from thence except by a vote of two-thirds. The Whigs are determined that it shall not be passed at all, if the treaty of peace be sanctioned by Mexico; and before they set upon the Ten Regiment bill, and raise any more men for the war, they are disposed to wait and see if Mexico will sanction the treaty. The Democrats are anxious for the passage of the bill immediately. You see it gives to the President the appointment

of some 500 officers! Now should Mexico sanction the treaty, and the bill should not be passed at all, why, then the President would not have the privilege of feeding five hundred hungry partisans; nor wherewith to buy votes to defeat the Wilnot Proviso. Why then should we wonder at the zeal of his partisans to press action upon this bill?

WASHINGTON, April 19.

On Saturday last, a vessel from the North brought here a load of wood, and when it left took away with it between eighty and ninety slaves. Telegraphic dispatches were sent, as soon as their departure was discovered, in every direction. A steamboat was immediately chartered and went in pursuit, having on board between fifty and sixty men, all armed. They found the vessel lying at anchor at the mouth of the Potomac, when it, the slaves, captain and crew were immediately taken into possession of the pursuers. This morning the slaves were driven in a body through the streets to the jail of the District. Mothers with infants at their breasts, little boys and girls leading each other, and men tied together in gangs. On one side were weeping, and mourning, and wailing; on the other were cursing, and threatening, and blasphemy the most horrible.

Some of the little children were *whiter* than the ruffians that drove them. The slaves are all lodged in the jail, as also is the captain and crew. The captain was saved from the mob, by being put into a carriage and hurried through the streets. The city is in the midst of great excitement. The colored population are in anguish. They know that the runaways will be separated from friends and kindred, and scattered over the land, to see each others' faces no more. As I passed along by several small collections of blacks, I saw the tears rolling down many cheeks; one gray headed old woman in particular, wrung her hands and cried, "O, my son, my son, must I see thee no more forever?" Her child was among the doomed. Poor fellow! he will not see his mother again this side of heaven. As no mercy will be shown, the separation, for example sake, will be as cruel and heart-rending as possible. There have been threats of mobbing the Era, and application, I understand, has been made to the Mayor for protection. Let slaveholders do their worst. A revolution will come, and that too, at no distant day. The clanking of chains, and the wails of the enslaved are not forever to be heard in this land. God speed the day when Liberty shall come—come, as I trust, in the still voice of Peace; but let it come though it be in a whirlwind, excited by the maddening oppression.

On the opening of Congress this morning, Mr. Giddings moved to suspend the rules, that he might offer some resolutions. Mr. Mead, of Virginia, objected to their being read. This was a want of courtesy unheard of in the House. When reminded of this fact, he said he was willing they should be read, "if they did not relate to slavery." At length he withdrew his opposition, and they were read. They proposed, with a suitable preamble, that a committee of five be appointed to inquire whether eighty men, women and children were confined in the jail of this District, who were not charged or convicted of any crime; if so, by what authority the jail was used for that purpose, and report what laws ought to be adopted to prevent such outrage in future. Mr. Burt, of S. C., and Mr. Holmes, looked daggers; and the latter gentleman went for the hanging of those who were concerned in the matter of the slaves' escape. Mr. G.'s motion was of course rejected, but it will come up again on Monday next.

Where am I! Standing in the Capitol of the nation. The star-spangled banner is waving over me. Around me are the Representatives of the "Model Republic." Hark! what means that groan of anguish? It is Rachel weeping for her children, and will not be comforted, because they are not. "Better for them had they never been born"—such is the deep feeling of her heart. I cast my eye over the nations of the earth. Thrones are tottering—chains are falling.—Hush! I hear a sound of joy. It is the democracy glorifying the French revolution.

Hark again! It is the same democracy cursing and gnashing with their teeth upon a man who would rescue his fellow man in his own land from chains. They clamor for blood; not of tyrants, but of him who would de throne tyranny.

"Hail Columbia! happy land!"

WASHINGTON CITY, April 17, 1848.

I wrote you yesterday that there were demonstrations of a mob to destroy the office of the National Era, and that Dr. Bailey had sought protection from the police. He very wisely put his office under the care of the city government. In the course of the night, a mob of about five hundred collected in front of the office, determined to break into it and destroy the press, type, &c. The Mayor of the city was lying on his sick bed, and was unable to be present. Only two of the city police appeared, but Captain Goldard of the Auxiliary Guard, (a body of men supported by Congress to preserve the peace of the city,) was there, and took his stand in the door and declared that if any man entered he must do it over his dead body. He addressed the mob, and told them they were led on by worthless slave-traders. This was the fact. One of the owners of the slave-pen of the district was there, urging the mob on to violence. There was also a clerk from the Treasury Department engaged in it, as I am told, and *fortunately* received a wound on the head from a stone thrown by one of the mob.

About 12 at night the mob dispersed, after breaking several windows and after having called a meeting at the City Hall for this evening, the object of which is to call in assistance from the country, organize, and complete the work of destruction to night.

The crisis is come which is to determine whether the liberty of the press is to be maintained in this district, or whether it shall fall beneath the tyranny of slavery.

gentlemen, who appeared much excited at our presence. We informed the jailer that we came as counsel for the prisoners, and desired to see them. He acknowledged our right, but as he started to admit us, he was called back by those present, who opposed our being permitted to see them. He however determined that we should see them, and unlocked a grated door which led up a pair of stairs into the second story. When we passed thro' it, he turned the key and gave it to the guard, and directed him to let no one in. We ascended the stairs, another grated door was opened, through which we entered into a narrow passage which led to the cells in which the prisoners were separately confined. We asked them if they had any friends or counsel. They said they had not. We told them that we had come to assure them that they had friends who would see that they had a legal trial. One of the poor fellows burst into tears. As the examination is to come off to-day, and Mr. Giddings could not be present on account of official duties, they desired me to act as their attorney, and wished to relate to me the circumstances. At this time an individual came up stairs, called the jailer to him, and told him that we should not be permitted to talk with the prisoners. He was a fierce-looking fellow, and evidently the head of a mob.

The jailer closed the door that led to the passage where we were, and locked it, locking himself in with us. He replied that we had a right as counsel to consult with our clients, and he should give us the enjoyment of the right. The leader of the mob then went down stairs, and soon came up again, with about thirty more, and declared to us that we should stay there no longer. They had compelled the guard to violate orders, give up the key, and open to them the door. The jailer was evidently somewhat alarmed; said he was unarmed and was afraid to have us go down; and declared to them we should not as long as they were there. They then went down the stairs. The jailer was still fearful to have us go down. We, however, assured him that we had no fears; that at least we were willing to risk ourselves. We then went down; the mob opened to the right and left, and let us pass, the leader declaring that we should not be hurt, but that the prisoners should be punished. We replied, that whether they were punished or not, was for the law to say, and not for us, but that we were determined that they should have a fair trial, and the aid of legal counsel.

The examination is to be had in the jail and will take place in about one hour. I am now going to try again to get access to the prisoners, that I may learn from them their defence. I shall be present at the examination, and defend them, and I do not think that either pistols or bowie knives will deter me from discharging faithfully the duties of my profession.

Remember all this in Washington City, and in a jail belonging to the National Government. There may be something *French* about it before we get through.

B. S. H.

The Fugitive Freeman Re-captured.

From the Washington Union.

We have just had an interesting interview with H. C. Williams, Esq., who, at the request of several citizens of Georgetown, joined a volunteer party, and was elected their commander to proceed down the river in the steamer Salem, Captain Baker, to capture the sloop Pearl, of 50 tons, of Whitehall, N. J., owned by the master, (Edward Sayres,) Caleb Aranson, and another; which said sloop had left the steamer wharf, below the Long Bridge, about 2 o'clock on Sunday morning last, but in consequence of getting aground, did not pass Alexandria till sunrise.

The party consisted of about thirty in number, besides the crew of the steamer, which left the wharf of Georgetown about 1 o'clock, P. M. Below Fort Washington they met the Mount Vernon, whose gentlemanly Captain (Rogers) could give no information of the "Pearl," as it had probably passed Aquia Creek before he came out. The wind being fair, the Pearl made a rapid sail, and, if it had continued on its course, would with difficulty, if at all, have been overtaken by the Salem.

The first intelligence received was from a fishing smack; and shortly thereafter (say about 5 o'clock, P. M.) more accurate information was obtained from Capt. Guyther of the steamer Columbia, from Baltimore. He stated he had passed a vessel answering the description of the Pearl, in the Nanjemoy reach; making her then about fifteen miles ahead.

Captain Baker increased his speed, under the encouraging prospects, the wind and tide being now in his favor, and continued the chase with spirit, until about 4 o'clock Monday morning, when a vessel was espied at night, in Cornfield harbor, a cove on the Maryland shore, affording a good shelter from the high wind, then blowing from the bay, and not likely to be observed by passing steamers; being a few miles from the light-house on Point Lookout.

Feeling confident from the appearance of the vessel, that this was the Pearl, Captain Baker promptly closed upon the vessel, rounded to, and placed the steamer alongside.—The volunteers immediately jumped on board, but found no one on deck, the hatches being all closed. These were guarded, and Daniel Drayton, the supposed master and ringleader of the thieves, was ordered to come up. After some time, and very reluctantly, he did so, and was placed under guard.—He confessed he was one of the guilty men who had received and concealed the slaves on board the vessel; admitted he had interviews with persons who had undertaken to send the slaves on board, but he would not give their names, saying if he did not, and should be convicted the abolitionists would support his family. The real Captain of the "Pearl," Edward Sayres, was then called and put under guard, his answers being evasive and unsatisfactory. The third white person on board, Chester English, said he had been duped and imposed upon by the other two; but he wept bitterly, and protested he had no part in the criminality of the concern, and seemed willing to tell all he knew. The chief kidnappers themselves had admitted he knew nothing of their plans, and had been directed after night to receive the slaves, who, they said to him, were going down the river on an excursion of pleasure.

The steamer with the sloop in tow, about 7 o'clock arrived at Piney Point, where the schooner was left in charge of the volunteers till the steamer returned, at 12 o'clock with fuel from Cone river. They reached this ci-

ty at 7¹/₂ yesterday morning, and after getting within its jurisdiction, Mr. Williams, being a magistrate, hearing the testimony, committed Sayres and Drayton for further examination, which is to take place this day at 1 o'clock at the jail. The slaves were committed to law—38 men and boys; 26 women and girls, and 13 children—77 in all.

When landed, the prisoners were guarded by the volunteers, and marched, in double file to the jail. So confident were the officers in the efficacy of the civil authority, that Major Williams prohibited the volunteers from carrying arms; and although followed by a large assembly no sign of disturbance occurred till near the avenue, when some indiscreet persons on both sides produced a disturbance, which caused the white prisoners, for their personal safety, to be sent in a hack to the jail, under a charge of officers.—No cannon was carried on board the steamer, as has been reported. Too much credit cannot be given to Captain Baker and the volunteers for their energy and discretion in the whole proceeding.

From the National Intelligencer.

The following, which appeared in our Daily paper of Wednesday, will probably explain more particularly to the readers of this sheet the nature of the occurrences which gave rise to the excitement that has been so happily allayed:

[FROM OUR CITY REPORTER.]

During the whole of Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday last very great excitement has prevailed in this city and Georgetown, arising out of the fact that many citizens of the two places had been deprived of their servants, and its being ascertained that they had been taken on board a suspicious vessel which had brought wood to this city, and left the wharf at the foot of Seventh street on Saturday night, and set sail down the river. Although among the missing slaves were a-bouteighteen or twenty from Georgetown, it was also ascertained there were more than thirty belonging to citizens of Washington.

The citizens of Georgetown determined on Sunday to give chase to the piratical schooner; and having procured the steambot Salem, Captain Baker, the pursuers, about thirty in number, armed with muskets and other weapons, left Georgetown at 1 o'clock, and as quickly as possible followed the schooner down the Potomac. There were various reports in the city on Monday night that the runaway slaves had been captured, after a desperate struggle; but none of these reports were true. Nothing was known of either the fugitives or their pursuers until about seven o'clock on Tuesday morning, when the Salem arrived at our steambot wharf, bringing with her the schooner and all the slaves prisoners, together with Edward Sayres, a white man, who was captain of the schooner, and a person named Daniel Drayton, of Philadelphia, who had chartered her.

It appears that the Salem discovered the schooner (called the Pearl) lying in Cornfield harbor, at the mouth of the Potomac, about two o'clock on Monday morning. The fugitives, 77 in number, were fast asleep below, and Edward Sayres, the captain, Chester English, a white boatman, and Daniel Drayton were also below. The Salem being immediately run alongside the Pearl, the Georgetown party almost instantaneously boarded her, fastened down the hatches, and secured the fugitives and the white men on board. The movement was a rapid and successful one, and all on board the Pearl were thus made prisoners without bloodshed, although it was evident that the slaves would have resisted if there had been any chance of escape.

On the arrival of the Salem and the schooner at the steambot wharf yesterday a large number of persons were assembled, some of whom used very threatening language towards the white men who were brought up prisoners; and if the latter escaped without serious personal injury, it was owing to the prudence and firmness of the guard by whom they were attended, and their being quickly conveyed to jail in a hack, which was pressed into immediate requisition.

We called at the jail yesterday, after the safe lodgment of the prisoners and the fugitives, and we learned from the commitment of Justice Williams, who went down the Potomac in the Salem with the pursuing party, that Edward Sayres, Chester English, and Daniel Drayton have been committed for further examination on the charge of aiding slaves to escape from their owners.

The fugitives consist of thirty-eight men, twenty-six women, and thirteen children.—They are now all in prison.

It is certainly very much, as we conceive, to the credit of the pursuing party that they succeeded in capturing the fugitives and their aids and abettors without bloodshed, and in so expeditious and effectual a manner.

From the Pe. Freeman.

Daring Outrage!—Burglary and Kidnapping!

The following letter tells its own startling and most painful story. Every manly and generous heart must burn with indignation at the villainy it describes, and bleed with sympathy for the almost heart-broken sufferers.

DOWNTOWNS, 19th 4 mo, 1848.

My Dear Friend—This morning our family was aroused by the screams of a young colored girl who has been living with us nearly a year past—but we were awakened only in time to see her borne off by three white men, ruffians indeed, to a carriage at our door, and in an instant she was on her way to the South. I feel so much excited by the attendant circumstances of this daring and atrocious deed, as scarcely to be able to give a coherent account of it, but I know that it is a duty to make it known, and I therefore write thee immediately.

As soon as the house was opened in the morning, these men who were lurking within, having a carriage in waiting in the street, entered on their horrid errand. They encountered no one in their entrance, except a colored boy who was making a fire; and who being frightened at their approach ran and hid himself; taking a lighted candle from the kitchen, and carrying it up stairs, they went directly to the chamber in which the poor girl lay in a sound sleep. They lifted her from her bed and carried her down stairs. In the entry of the second floor they met one of my sisters, who hearing an unusual noise,

had sprang from her bed. Her screams, and those of the poor girl, who was now thoroughly awakened to the dreadful truth, aroused my father, who hurried undressed from his chamber on the ground floor. My father's efforts were powerless against the three; they threw him off and with frightful imprecations hurried the girl to the carriage. Quickly as possible my father started in pursuit, and reached West Chester, only to learn that the carriage had driven through the borough at full speed about half an hour before. They had two horses to their vehicle, and there were three men besides those in the house. These particulars we gather from the colored boy Ned, who, from his hiding place, was watching them in the road.

Can anything be done for the rescue of this girl from her kidnappers? We are surprised and alarmed; this deliberate invasion of our house is a thing unimagined. There must be some informer, who is acquainted with our house and its arrangements, or they would never have come so boldly through. Truly there is no need to preach about slavery in the abstract; this individual case combines every wickedness by which human nature can be degraded.

Truly thy friend,

MARY B. THOMAS.

In a subsequent letter our friend says: "As to detail, the whole transaction was like a flash, to those who saw the miserable ending. I was impelled to write without delay by the thought that it would be in time for the 'Freeman,' and that any procrastination on my part might jeopard others of these suffering people, who are living as this poor girl, in fancied security. Our consternation was indescribable—our sorrow and indignation deepened daily, as the thought returns of the awful announcement with which we were wakened. 'They have carried Martha to the South.' 'To do what will be of most service to the cause—not their cause—ours—that of our race, is our burning desire.'

THE DOWNTOWNS OUTRAGE.—This dreadful act described so vividly by our friend who was witness to it, is one of the boldest and most alarming assaults ever made upon personal liberty and security in our State, many and monstrous as they have been.—Have we no safety and no means of protection from lawless kidnappers, in this nominally free State? Talk about security to person and liberty under our Constitutions and laws! The words are a mockery! They but tantalize and torture the hearer, with the vision of peace, and rights, and enjoyments never possessed. Tell us of our superiority to the feudal vassals who were our ancestors! Wherein does it consist, if we have no defence from the invasion of our homes, and the plunder of our households by ruthless ruffians; if innocent children may be dragged from their beds at night, by armed burglars, and carried off into slavery with impunity? Who among us is safe, when in the midst of a thickly settled village, miles away from the slave border, such deeds can be done? It may well cause the most prompt and vigorous measures to be taken for our own protection, and to prevent the incursions of kidnappers upon us. Who will ask now, what have we to do with slavery? Not the people of Downtown or of Chester County surely; nor Northern men who hear the tale of this atrocity, if they have hearts of humanity, or wisely value their own and their children's liberties. We are informed that one of the kidnappers was recognized as a notorious slave-hunter from Maryland. We may also state that friends from this city followed them to Baltimore, where they learned that the poor girl had been imprisoned, but previous to their arrival had been carried to Virginia. Means are in train to recover her if possible.

From the Nat. Intelligencer.

Giddings' Resolutions.

WASHINGTON, April 18th.

Mr. GIDDINGS rose and asked the unanimous consent of the House to introduce a resolution. [Cries of "read it, read it," and "object!"]

Mr. MEADE rose and said he objected to the reading of the resolution. [Several voices: "Oh! let it be read."] The SPEAKER directed the Clerk to abstain from reading the resolution until the House came to order. He then desired gentlemen to take their seats; and order having been restored, he said the Chair understood that the gentleman from Va. (Mr. MEADE) objected to the reading of the resolution.

In strictness the reading of a resolution for information might be objected to, but it had been the uniform practice of the House when a gentleman asked for the reading of a resolution to allow it to be read by general consent for information merely. The Chair knew no instance of a refusal when the general consent was asked. If, however, the gentleman from Virginia persisted in his objection, the resolution would not be read.

Mr. MEADE said if the resolution had no relation to slavery he had no objection to the reading, but he should object if it had.

A conversation ensued between several members; and

Mr. MEADE again rose, and said at the suggestion of some of his friends he withdrew his objection to the reading.

The Clerk then read the resolution as follows: Whereas more than eighty men, women, and children are said to be now confined in the prison of the District of Columbia without being charged with crime, or of any inpropriety other than an attempt to enjoy that liberty for which our fathers encountered toil, suffering, and death itself, and for which the people of many European Governments are now struggling.

And whereas said prison was erected, and is now sustained by funds contributed by the people of the free as well as of the slave States, and is under the control of the laws and officers of the United States:

Resolved further, That said committee be authorized to send for persons and papers.

The SPEAKER then stated the question

to be on granting leave to introduce the resolution.

[Several voices objected.]

Mr. HOLMES, of South Carolina, said that if the resolution was considered, he would move to amend, by an inquiry whether the accusers who caused them to be there ought not to be hung. (Laughter.)

"The Nigger's Grave."

In an article we copied last week, showing the pro-slavery condition of southern Illinois, reference was made to a fugitive slave who was killed—an attempt to take him, and whose resting place was contemptuously marked by an inscription—"The Nigger's Grave." When we read it, the following eloquent passage from one of George Thompson's lectures, occurred to us as a most appropriate commentary.

"Not only has the negro been denied the enjoyment of civil rights—not only has he been doomed to 'hew wood and draw water' for the white man; but the benefits of religion have been denied his teachers have been persecuted and banished—the house in which he worshipped his God, and in which he was taught to life his eyes in hope and confidence to one common Father—that house has been razed to its foundation; thus particularly, even in the present day, has his right to hope for immortality been denied, and he has been consigned to ignorance and vice, to the labor and treatment of a brute on earth, and the destiny of a brute hereafter. Yet his pale oppressor has proudly claimed immortality for himself, and has contemplated that immortality without dread of the judgment awaiting him for his ruthless conduct towards his sable victim. But (and I thank Heaven) a title to immortality is not the exclusive prerogative of the white man; they must both die the same death—both mingle with the same earth—both be resolved into the same element—both be judged at the same tribunal—by the same rules—both admitted to the same heaven, or banished to the same hell. Yes! let the oppressor die! let men bear his curse to the tomb decked with the trappings of an earthly splendor! let them write his epitaph on marble, and celebrate virtues which he never had, and let them say, high on his escutcheon, *Resurgam, Resurgam, Resurgam*, I shall rise again; and I will visit the grave of the lowly negro, the enslaved, insulted, degraded and incarcerated negro, and I will write upon the sod that covers his remains, *RESURGAM, RESURGAM, RESURGAM*, I shall rise again."

RANDOLPH, April 3rd, 1848.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—

I have just returned from Rootstown, where J. F. Smalley and myself met with Anti-Slavery friends and held three meetings, to plead the cause of the oppressed. They were all well attended; and while we presented the slave's claim to our sympathy, accompanied with the facts that I had gathered while at the South, we were listened to with an interest that bespeaks "a better time coming." There are some noble spirits in Rootstown, engaged in a "league" against these christian institutions of war, slavery, and the gallows. Few sections have more zeal and an equal amount of talent, and none, perhaps, encounter the opposition that they do. Among the most bitter opposers, are the immaculate Whigs, those who claim to be "Anti-Slavery as much as anybody, but," intend to vote for Henry Clay, Zachary Taylor or the Devil, if he but be nominated by our party for the Presidency! These men are always complaining that we do nothing for the slave, because we refuse to sacrifice every principle of right action, and vote for the party. Compared with these men, the slaveholders themselves are models of consistency and honesty. No long have the people been accustomed to do the bidding of party, they seem to aspire to no higher post of honor than to "belong" to some one of the great political parties. These parties, like their masters, the slaveholders, pretend that those who belong to them are not capable of taking care of themselves.—The slave in his degradation aspires to no higher honor than to black the boots, brush the coat, tend the horse, hold the stirrup, &c. of his lordly and aristocratic master; so with the majority of the adherents to the parties; they seem to vie with one another in the quick performance of all that is low; indeed, the boots, the coat, the horse and the stirrup of the party, all have to be attended to. When you are disposed to enter into conversation with the slave, the first question is, to whom do you belong? The reply is, "Massa—." So with the parties. If perchance some slaves attempt to escape from their masters, they are immediately caught and flogged; or if fortunate enough to get beyond their reach, a reward is offered, according to the value of the runaway. When the parties discover in any one of their valuable "boys" an itching for liberty, measures are immediately taken to secure them, not with ropes and chains literally, but with a cord made of seven strands, or principles, which is much stronger than the first. "Five loaves and two fishes," are most effective arguments in this present crisis. When the star of truth is pointed out, the partizan, like the slave in this also, hesitates, and says, can I escape the blood hounds fierce as tigers, following in my trail? and if I escape these, many are the dangers which await me. I cannot endure the name of 'infidel,' 'Garrisonian,' to say nothing of the iron collar, the ball and chain, &c., which are always ready for refractory servants.

Partly seems to be the *Leviathan* of the present time. Men, women and children are deranged as soon as women as they can liap the "Shibboleth" of Freedom.

As ever, THURMAN CASE.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, MAY 5, 1848.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—*Edmund Burke.*

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chesnut sts.

The Model Republic.

We had been thinking of the great events that have recently transpired in Europe—how reform was progressing there, sweeping with resistless force even over the Holy City—how the battle cry of Liberty that went up from the hills and valleys of sunny France found a response in the hearts of millions of the subjects of neighboring monarchs—how Tyranny trembled for her power, and Royalty stood aghast. There seemed to be scarcely a nation in Europe but what was represented in the great Council of Freedom; and we were tempted to believe it was by concert of action, by well matured and admirably executed plans that so much was effected in so brief a period. Where—where we asked ourselves—where will the next revolution be? What people will next strike for freedom, or demand their rights at the hands of their oppressors. We eagerly watched every arrival for intelligence, we closely scanned the columns of the papers for the announcement. It came at last, and what was it?

Seventy-six slaves have escaped from their masters in the city of Washington, the capital of the great republic of North America, and have been pursued and retaken.

One of the most detestable features in the system of American Slavery is the re-capture of fugitives. We can conceive of the possibility of slaveholders deceiving themselves in the belief that the wretched victims of their power are contented and happy in their servitude and degradation, so long as they remain in the possession of those who claim them, without apparent coercion; but when, by their struggle for liberty, by their willingness to dare all and suffer all that they may be free, they give the strongest evidence of their desire to be men; it is the very essence of meanness, the perfection of tyranny to drag them back to their prison house and their chains.

When the people of France threw off the dominion of Louis Philippe, and forced him to flee from their presence, America could rejoice or pretend to rejoice in the event. Not only did the people of this nation hold meetings of sympathy and pass resolutions of congratulation, but the nation as such, speaking through its House of Representatives and its Senate, expressed its satisfaction and delight with the dethronement of the citizen king. The resolutions of the American people and the American Congress had scarcely crossed the Atlantic, before another struggle for freedom was made. Not, it is true, by those who dwell within the shadow of the hoary despotisms of Europe, but by those who live upon the soil of this republic; not by a nation strong in its might, counting its force by millions, but by a handful of un-enslaved people who had no country, no home; not by those who were armed and equipped for the work of death, but by men, women, and children whose fettered hands left them no power of redress, no means of defence but in flight. Here was a case strongly appealing to every true lover of liberty; for if the subjects of a European king should be cheered on in their struggle for freedom, how much more should the slaves of an American despot receive sympathy and support! But how did the people and the government of this land receive the intelligence of the escape of the seventy-six fugitives? It came like a thunderbolt upon them, it produced the same effect that the announcement of the existence of a French Republic did upon the Emperor Nicholas—"Gentlemen," said he to the officers about him, "be prepared to put foot in stirrup at a moment's warning." Men who had pretended to love liberty for France gave pursuit to the flying bondmen, and when they had been recaptured and closely secured, there was as much exultation among republican despots, as there was in Russia over the ruins of Poland, when Nicholas proclaimed "Order reigns in Warsaw."

In another place we record the phlegmatic, business-like account of the event as given by the National organs of the Democratic and Whig parties. Heartless as they are, they are not more heartless than the parties they so truly represent. We have also placed upon record resolutions upon the subject prepared by Joshua R. Giddings, but which the house refused to give him leave to present—resolutions briefly stating the facts in the case, and calling for the appointment of a committee to ascertain by what authority a prison built and sustained with the people's money is used as a pen in which to confine fugitive slaves. So it appears that the United States government not only tolerates their recapture, but becomes accessory after the fact, and severely punishes men because they love liberty, and then coward-like shrink from an investigation of its acts. Would it not be well for the political clubs of Paris which were organized to promote the extension of freedom, to give the case of the sev-

enty-six fugitives prompt attention, and for every resolution of sympathy which America has sent to France return her one of indignation and keen rebuke.

The immediate result of the recapture has been just what might have been anticipated—intense excitement, demonstrations of violence on the part of the tyrants, their abettors, and sympathizers; and the sale of at least a portion of the offenders to the far South—that worse than Siberian exile. God grant that this act may kindle such a fire that the fetters of the slaves shall speedily be melted from their limbs; and we hope that the next band who attempt to flee from the land of bondage may number not seventy-six only, but seventy-six thousand.

C. M. Clay's Letter.

We intimated last week that the bomb shell of a letter thrown by Cassius M. Clay, would create a commotion in the Whig ranks; and the editor of the first Whig paper which we afterwards received—the Pittsburgh Commercial Journal—we see is down upon Cassius with all the vengeance of a politician whose track has been crossed. He calls the letter "a presumptive epistle," a "splendid and stilted letter," a "labored philippic," "another wanton and slanderous attack upon Mr. Clay," a "gross violation of decency, not to say obvious aberration from truth."

The manifestation of such feeling was to be anticipated from the supporters of Henry Clay, but the Journal has gone to an unexpected length in its defense of the Ashland slaveholder in becoming the apologist and advocate of mob violence. Take for instance the following sentiments:

"What is this attack! Will it bear examination, or appear to be anything else than the expression of spleen, which Cassius M. Clay might naturally feel toward Henry Clay because he did not give countenance to the insane conduct of the former, which excited the mass of reputable citizens of all parties against him, and expelled his press from Lexington?"

"Here is the whole case in a sentence.—Because Mr. Clay did not volunteer to step forward in the face of a justly outraged community, and sustain Cassius M. Clay in the conduct of an insane assassin, who in the name of human rights invoked the knife of a slave against the fair-skinned women, which were only separated by a pane of glass—because, we repeat, Mr. Clay did not interpose as the defender of this insane pretender, he becomes the enemy of Clay!"

"Henry Clay, could only regard the rising against Cassius M. Clay with reference to the real merits of the quarrel, as between one citizen and a body of citizens, whose peace was threatened and outraged. That he did not interfere, we think, with all our repugnance to slavery, was right and proper."

If this is not a defence of those mobocrats of Lexington whom the courts have fined for their violation of law—what is it? Run the three extracts into one—condense the language and it will read thus:—

"The insane conduct of Cassius M. Clay so excited reputable citizens against him that they destroyed his press. Cassius was an insane assassin who invoked the knife of the slave against fair-skinned women; and when the respectable mob rose up to vindicate the law and strike down the freedom of the press—hundreds against one, and that one stretched upon a sick bed, it was right and proper for Henry Clay to refuse to interfere."

The character of Henry Clay is very low indeed, if his friends, in order to defend it, and patch up his reputation so as to last through the coming campaign, must defend mob law, and libel a man, who, however inconsistent he may be, never coward-like forsook a friend in the hour of danger.

The Executive Committee.

Will meet on the 7th of May. A full attendance is desirable.

The Three Prisoners.

Daniel Drayton, Chester English, and Edward Rogers, the three men who recently attempted to act the part of the Good Samaritan by going to the city of Washington to succor those who had fallen among thieves, to bind up their wounds and bring them to the Inn of Freedom, have been committed to prison to answer at the June term of the Criminal Court for having stolen, taken, and carried away seventy-six slaves on the 15th of April 1848. The bail demanded by the committing magistrate was \$76,000—\$1,000 for each slave. Shame, shame on this hypocritical nation—ever acting a lie and pretending to speak the Truth. George 4th would have hung George Washington as a rebel could he but have caught him; and yet we are not aware that Washington ever did as meritorious an act as the three men above named have been imprisoned for doing—never offered as acceptable an oblation upon the altar of Freedom as they have done; and yet a member of the American Congress declared upbraided within the walls of the Capitol that these practical advocates of Liberty and the Rights of Man, should be hung!

INFAMOUS.—When fifty of the re-captured slaves were about to be sent to Baltimore for sale to the far South, the Rev. Mr. Slicer, Chaplain of the Senate, was present at the rail-road depot, shook hands with the slave-trader, and appeared pleased with the scene; so says a correspondent of the "Spirit of Freedom."

The National Era.

The excitement in Washington directed against those who were actually engaged in the attempt to give freedom to seventy six American slaves, extended itself to the editor and office of the National Era; with what justice, may be seen by the following extract from that paper.

DISTURBANCE.

Last Saturday night, we learn, that some seventy or eighty slaves escaped from this place, in a sloop or schooner, and proceeded down the river. The fact was not discovered till next day, when a steamboat was despatched in pursuit. The fugitives, together with three white men, who navigated the craft, were caught, brought back, and imprisoned. A great deal of excitement was the result; and the cry soon rose among the crowd that the National Era was the cause of the mischief. Of course, there is no truth in this—not one particle. But, excited men do not inquire or reason. While we are writing this, at ten o'clock at night, a crowd of men and boys is collected about the office; many stones have been thrown; but the police are striving to do their duty. They may fail; the multitude may overpower them; but we hope for the best. We cannot but think that the sober second thought of the ringleaders in this affair will arouse compunction for this violent assault against the liberty of the press—a liberty in our case which even they dare not say, has been abused.

All we have to say is, we stand by the freedom of the press, whatever the result. Wednesday morning, 8 o'clock. The mob dispersed last night about 12 o'clock—thanks to the efficient conduct of Capt. Goddard and the rest of the police. The rumor that the office of the National Era was concerned in the escape of the slaves in the Pearl, is utterly groundless—this its originators know; but they are willing to use it to inflame popular feeling against our Press. Whatever we do, we do openly. We cherish an instinctive abhorrence of any movement which would involve us in the necessity of concealment, strategy, or trickery of any kind.

No! No! We understand this outrage.—It is aimed at the Freedom of the Press.—We own and edit a paper which is as free as the winds of heaven. It bows neither to slavery nor to the mob. We stand upon our rights as a man and as an American citizen, and will use these rights, in speaking and writing freely upon any subject we please, despite all threats or violence. It is a damning disgrace, that at the very moment we are rejoicing with the people of France at their triumph over a Despot who undertook to enslave the press, an attempt should be made to strike down the freedom of the press in the Capital City of this Republic, in sight of the National Legislature.

We are again threatened—the outrage is to be repeated it is said. And for what? What is our offence? Is there a man in this community whom we have injured? Have we not been kind and courteous to all men, studious of the properties which ought to distinguish the discussion of all important questions? There is no man in this city who has examined our paper that finds any fault with its tone, style or temper.

Enough. We yield to no violence. We appeal to the good sense of this community, aye, and, as we said, the sober second thought of the infuriated persons who, in a proxysm of blind excitement, assailed our press. It cannot be that in the nineteenth century, in the face of a world struggling for free thought, free speech, free action, and looking up to this Republic for example and encouragement, a free Press should be put down by violence in the capital city of this Republic.

We are sorry that Dr. Bailey has placed himself in a position where he must be so politic as to refrain from expressing his feelings in relation to the attempted escape and re-capture of the fugitive band, and must measure most cautiously his allusions to these exciting events. What he says about the Freedom of the Press is good; but an outspoken abolitionist would, we think, have had quite as much to say about the Freedom of Men, and had he believed in fighting would have declared as Giddings did upon the floor of Congress, that these slaves had a right to free themselves by any means God had put in their power. And as the editor of the Era prefers to adhere to the administration of his diet of "milk for babes," we rejoice to know that there are some, even in the Capitol, who believe it best to feed men with "strong meat."

General Items.

The members of the New York Legislature are only paid for a session of one hundred days; if their business keeps them together longer than that, their services are rendered gratuitously. The last session adjourned just at the expiration of the one hundred days. Catch such men working for the public good without pay, if you can.

There is a man in New York who has been tapped for the dropsey 108 times, and had 326 gallons of water drawn from him.

The State of New York owns more than four hundred thousand acres of uncultivated land—or in other words without owners—about forty-acre farms from men who have not a foot of soil from whence to draw subsistence.

The New York Legislature has abolished imprisonment for debt. Imprisonment for fines is rated at \$5 per day.

The Pillow-case Court of Inquiry has adjourned to the city of Washington.

Some skirmishes have been reported between the American and Mexican troops, but none that were considered of much importance. No definite news as yet of the Treaty. Conflicting statements are made as to the prospect of its being accepted by the Mexican government.

Queen Victoria has six children, for the support of which the government makes an annual allowance to each child of \$185,000.

It takes forty persons to make a single piece of china, so minute is the division of labor among those who manufacture it.

The New York and Pennsylvania Legislatures have each passed a law declaring that property held by women at the time of marriage shall continue to be theirs, and shall not be liable for the debts of their husbands; and that all property bequeathed to them after marriage shall be held by them in like manner. This is good. 'Tis one step taken toward equality.

A sympathizer in New York proposes raising a volunteer company to assist those who are fighting for freedom in Europe. The members of the company are to furnish \$100 each for the purpose of chartering a ship &c. We have not heard how many have signified their intention of joining.

The Sabbath Desecrated.

The seventy-six fugitives from Washington escaped on Saturday, and pursuit was made on Sunday! We hope that this desecration of a holy day will not be permitted to pass unrebuked by sabbatarian pulpits and sabbatarian presses. For however evangelical it may be to hunt men, women, and infant children on week days, we hardly think it a proper employment for Sunday, unless, indeed, it comes within the category of works of necessity or mercy.

Let us wait and see whether the advocates of evangelical religion feel as holy a horror of hunting human beings on the Sabbath, as they pretend to have of running stages, steamboats, and rail-road cars on that day.

J. R. Giddings.

The following statement was presented by Mr. Palfrey as an amendment to his resolution in relation to the disturbances in the District. No action had been taken upon it when we last heard.

I, J. R. Giddings, a member of the House of Representatives, state, that during yesterday I heard from various respectable persons, that in the mob of Tuesday my name was mentioned, and my person threatened by individuals assembled; that my lodgings were required for, and advised that I should be lynched by those engaged in the mob.

That friends who heard this, represented that I should be in danger if found by those engaged, and I was advised to arm myself to protect my person.

That during the forenoon of yesterday, I visited the jail of this District. I was not acquainted with the keeper; and when I arrived, I announced to him my name, and that I was a member of this body. That I further said to him that I wished to see the persons confined there on a charge of carrying away slaves from this District. I told him that I wished to say to them that they should have the benefit of counsel and a legal trial, and their rights should be protected, and desired him to be present. He went with me to the passage that leads to the cells.

While conversing with these men in the presence of the keeper, a mob came to the iron gate at the head of the stairway, and demanded that I should leave forthwith. The keeper informed me that he would not open the gate unless I left the building immediately. That I refused to do. The keeper assured them that he would not open the door until they retired. I was further informed, that the mob had compelled the guard at the lower gate to deliver up the key to them; and in this way they had opened that gate, and by that means obtained access to the passage at the head of the stairs.

After the mob had left the stairs, and entered the lower passage, the keeper and myself, and the Hon. E. S. Hamilton, who had visited the jail as attorney for the prisoners with me, came down to the lower gate, in front of which the mob was assembled. He opened the gate, and I walked out. This morning I have been informed by a gentleman who is a stranger to me, but says he was present and heard the proposition made by individuals to lay violent hands upon me as I came out of the prison, one of whom, he informed me, was Mr. Slater, a slave-dealer from Baltimore, whom he states to have been active in instigating others to violence.

This day, I have been informed by various individuals, that during the mob of last night, my lodgings were required for, and my person threatened with violence and lynching.

I further state that I have no doubt of the accuracy of these statements to which I have referred.

The Case Reversed.

If, says Price, you have a right to make another man a slave, he has a right to make you a slave; and if we have no right says Ramsey, to sell him, no one has a right to purchase him.

If ever negroes, bursting their chains, should come (which Heaven forbid) on the European coast, to drag whites of both sexes from their families; to chain them and conduct them to Africa, and mark them with a hot iron; if whites stolen, sold, purchased by crimes, and placed under the guidance of merciless inspectors, were immediately compelled by the stroke of the whip, to work in a climate injurious to their health, where at the close of each day, they could have no other consolation than that of advancing another step to the tomb—no other perspective than to suffer and to die in all the anguish of despair—if devoted to the misery and ignominy, they were excluded from all the privileges of society, and declared legally incapable of judicial action, their testimony would not have been admitted even against the black class; if driven from the sidewalks, they were compelled to mingle with the animals in the middle of the street—if a subscription were made to have them lashed in a mass, and their backs, to prevent gangrene, covered with pepper and with salt—if the forfeit for killing them were but a trifling sum—if a reward were offered for apprehending those who escape from slavery—if those who escape

were hunted by a pack of hounds, trained to carnage—if, blaspheming the Divinity, the blacks pretended, that by their origin they had permission of Heaven to preach passive obedience and resignation to the whites—if greedy hounding writers published, that for this reason, just reprisals may be exercised against the rebellious whites, and that white slaves are happy, more happy than the peasants in the bosom of Africa;—in a word, if all the arts of cunning and calumny, all the strength and fury of avarice, all the inventions of ferocity were directed against you, by a coalition of dogs, merchants, priests, kings, soldiers, and colonists, what cry of horror would resound through the countries? To express it, new epithets would be sought, a crowd of writers, and particularly of poets, would exhaust their eloquent lamentations, provided that having nothing to fear, there was something to gain. Europeans, reverse this hypothesis, and see what you are!

Yes, I repeat it, there is not a vice, not a species of wickedness, of which Europe is not guilty towards negroes, of which she has not shown them the example. Avenging God! suspend thy thunder, exhaust thy compassion, in giving her time and courage to repair, if possible, these horrors and atrocities.—*Facilities of Negroes, by H. Gregoire.*

The following extracts are from the Constitution of an Anti-Slavery Society recently formed in Kentucky, and will interest our readers by showing them what can be and is done in a slave State:

Lewis County Anti-Slavery Society.

PREAMBLE.

Whereas, God hath made of one blood, all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, "and hath commanded them to love their neighbor as themselves;" and Whereas, the political faith of this nation is based upon the truth contained in our Declaration of Independence—"that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;" and Whereas, three millions of the people of the United States are deprived of these inalienable rights, and held in slavery by their fellow-men; and Whereas, it is a duty for us to practice, and uphold the principles of God's word, and right for us to carry out the foundation principle of our National Government; and Whereas, it is admitted by all, that slavery is an evil individually, socially, nationally, intellectually, morally, politically; therefore, Resolved, That for concentrated effort, and more efficient action, we form ourselves into a society to be governed by the following

CONSTITUTION.

Article I. The name of this society shall be the Anti-Slavery Society of Lewis County, Kentucky.

Art. II. The object of this society shall be the entire extinction of slavery, and the slave-trade; and the equal security, protection, and improvement of all people.

Art. III. The fundamental principles of this Society are,

1. As slavery is the forcible deprivation of those natural and inalienable rights which God has given to man, it is therefore sinful in itself.

2. As God requires immediate repentance of all sin, this, like all others, should be abandoned at once—immediately.

3. As every man has birthrights—a right to liberty in the land where he is born, and as banishment is a punishment for crime, no man, not a criminal, should be required to leave the land of his birth, in order that he may enjoy liberty. To require this, is to believe, a violation of that law of God which requires us to love our neighbor as ourselves, and whatever ye would others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.

4. We will employ all means, which we shall deem righteous and suitable, for the removal of slavery and the slave-trade. These means may be intellectual, moral or political, as we as individuals shall deem to be our duty.

Art. IV. Any person who consents to the object and principles of this society, shall be considered a member, on subscribing his or her name.

From the Mystery.

Outrage.

Mr. Wm. Daily, one of the most respectable colored citizens of Richmond, who has resided some time in Liberia, but within the last three years returned to America, a short portion of which time he has spent in Richmond, the place of his birth, and residence of his time and care-worn parents, was, a few days since, arrested for no other crime, than being found upon the soil on which he breathed his first infant breath, and required to give security within five days, to leave the State in ten, or remain in prison until he was ready to leave. But peradventure he should not be able to pay his jail fee, according to the wisdom and hospitality of Virginia law-makers, he must be sold from the auction block to the "highest bidder;" and there are not a few cases on record, where like victims have become slaves for life.

What a glorious commentary upon the professedly free institutions of Republican America! One breeze heaves upon its bosom the warm, generous and enthusiastic shout of sympathy in behalf of the comparative freedom of Europe in their struggles for more liberty, whilst the next heralds the arrest of a nominally free citizen for simply being where it pleased his Creator to give him his birth.

If the sun of heaven shines upon a country more redolent with hypocrisy and base inconsistency, to say nothing of cruel oppression, than slave-dealing America, it is only surprising that Jehovah through the lightning's power has not, long ere this, shattered it into ten thousand atoms.—F.

PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The undersigned has established a general publishing office for periodical publications, in Cleveland, O. The "Herald of Truth," "Nineteenth Century," "Massachusetts Review," "Howitt's Journal," "American Flora," "Agricultural and Horticultural publications," Illustrated "Natural History," "Home Magazine," "Parley's Library," The English Reviews and Magazines. In short any of the American or English publications will

be promptly forwarded to those ordering them. He has made arrangements to furnish the citizens of Salem and vicinity—as well as all other prominent places of Northern Ohio—with any of these periodicals free of postage, and at the publishers' prices.

Subscriptions received by Moses D. Gove, (who has specimen Nos. of several periodicals) or at the Book Store of David L. Garrison, Salem, where the publications will be delivered to subscribers each month as they become due.

Those wishing to subscribe for Periodicals to be sent by mail, can be furnished with whatever they may desire, by applying by letter (post paid) to

J. N. HITCHCOCK,
Post Office Buildings,
Cleveland, O.

WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The result of the effort made last year by the Abolitionists of the West, to hold an Anti-Slavery Fair, was abundantly gratifying; and fully demonstrated the practicability and usefulness of the plan. The Call was promptly responded to by many, the avails of whose labor greatly aided the Western Anti-Slavery Society, and enabled it to prosecute its work with renewed vigor. The exigencies of the cause demand as much sacrifice and effort now as were needed then. The victory of Freedom is not yet won—the clank of the bondman's fetters has not yet ceased. American women are still chained and imbruted. The blighting influence that slavery has extended over the South and over the North, still exists—the Church is not yet purified of its iniquity, nor the State redeemed from its degradation. We therefore, friends of the Slave, appeal to you again—we appeal to your love of Liberty—to your reverence for the Eternal principles of Right; and ask you to bring this year another offering that may be used for the dissemination of Anti-Slavery Truth—for the increase of Anti-Slavery knowledge.

No inconsiderable portion of the donations at last year's Fair, was derived from the Farmer, the Mechanic, the Merchant and the Manufacturer—will they not be as generous now as then, and each give ungrudgingly and liberally that which he has to bestow? Articles that cannot readily be transported to the Fair, may, with a little effort, be converted into money, or exchanged for goods that can be carried. Those who wish to aid in this work, need not be at a loss how to labor. Where Sewing Circles are not already in operation, may we not confidently hope they will speedily be organized, that their varied gifts of beautiful and fancy articles may not be wanting?

The special object of the proposed Fair is to aid the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and all funds there received will be placed in its Treasury—no goods are solicited, and none will be sold for the benefit of any other object. Those who are willing to assist this Society in sustaining its various agencies for promoting Anti-Slavery agitation, for hastening the redemption of the enslaved, are earnestly invited to join us. We labor not for the advancement of any political party—for the furtherance of any measures that invoke the aid of brute force. It is by the strength of moral power we would tear down the strong holds of oppression—it is by establishing righteous principles we would secure for all an inheritance of Freedom. If you who profess to be the friends of the Slave, are really with us in this contest between Truth and Error—between Slavery and Liberty—we shall expect your cordial co-operation.

The Fair will be held at the time and place of the next Annual Meeting.

J. ELIZABETH JONES, Salem,
BETSEY M. COWLES, Austinburgh,
SARAH BROWN, New Lyme,
ELIZA HOLMES, Columbiana,
MARIA L. GIDDINGS, Jefferson,
LYDIA IRISH, New Lisbon,
JANE D. MCNEALY, Greene,
REBECCA S. THOMAS, Marlboro,
MARIA WHITMORE, Andover,
MARY DONALDSON, Cincinnati,
ELIZABETH STEEDMAN, Randolph,
HANNAH C. THOMAS, Mt. Union,
CLARISSA G. OLDS, Unionville,
ANN WALKER, Leesville,
SARAH B. DUGDALE, Green Plain,
PHEBE ANN CARROLL, Ravenna,
HARRIET N. TORREY, Parkman.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!
FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Fourteenth Annual Meeting of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will be held in the BROADWAY TABERNACLE, NEW YORK, on TUESDAY THE NINTH DAY OF MAY, at ten o'clock A. M.

The present aspect of public affairs of this country, should make this meeting one of more than usual importance and interest.—The Southern boundary of AMERICAN SLAVERY, which since this Society was formed, has been removed from the SARINKE to the NEECES, it is now proposed by its guardians to remove still farther into the free territory of a sister Republic. We have little reason to expect a more favorable termination to the two years' war waged, at an enormous expense of blood and treasure, for the sole purpose of extending the worst system of human bondage by conquest. Whether the ABOLITIONISTS of the country can arrest the perpetration of this STUPID NATIONAL CRIME, or not, it is no less their duty to make the effort. The last PUBLIC PROTEST they may have the opportunity to record against it, should be earnest and unanimous.

The necessity of the moment should also remind us of how much of the work is still to be done, which this Society, fourteen years ago, resolved to do. Since its formation, Slavery has not been abolished in a single State in the Union. A MILLION more of our countrymen have been born to the lot of slaves. But that this Society and its auxiliaries, have aroused, to a certain degree, a universal Anti-Slavery sentiment at the North, and have made the topic one of absorbing interest throughout the country, is the best evidence of the wisdom of their measures, and should be the strongest incentive to still more strenuous, and self-denying toil.

The old and tried friends of the cause, and those who have been but recently aroused to the necessity of the overthrow of the felon system of AMERICAN SLAVERY, are urged to make of this meeting a GRAND RALLY FOR FREEDOM.

WILLIAM LOYD GARRISON, Pres.
WILLIAM PHILLIPS, Secy.
S. H. CATY.

POETRY.

"Happy at Home."

BY MRS. S. F. OSGOOD.

Let the gay and the idle go forth where they will,
In search of soft pleasure, the syren of ill;
Let them seek it in Fashion's illumined saloon,
Where melody mocks at the heart out of tune;
Where the laugh gushes light from the lips of the maiden,
While her spirit, perchance, is with sorrow o'erladen;
And where, 'mid the garlands Joy only should braid,
Is Slender, the snake, by its rattle betray'd.
Ah! no! let the idle for happiness roam,
For me—I but ask to be "happy at home!"

At home! oh how thrillingly sweet is that word,
And by it what visions of beauty are stirred!
I ask not that Luxury curtain my room
With damask from India's exquisite loom;
The sunlight of heaven is precious to me,
And muslin will veil it, if blazoning too free;
The elegant trifles of Fashion and Wealth
I need not—I ask but for comfort and health!
With these and my dear ones I care not to roam.

For oh! I am happy, most "happy at home!"
One bright, little room where the children may play,
Unfearful of spoiling the costly array;
Where he, too—our dearest of all on the earth,
May find the sweet welcome he loves at his hearth;
The fire blazing warmly—the sofa drawn nigh;
And the star-lamp alight on the table close by;
A few sunny pictures in simple frames shrined,
A few precious volumes—the wealth of the mind;
And here and there treasured some rare gem of art,
To kindle the fancy, or soften the heart;
Thus richly surrounded, why, why should I roam?
Oh! am I not happy—most "happy at home!"

The little ones, weary of books and of play,
Nestle down on our bosoms—our Ellen and May!
And softly the simple affectionate prayer
Ascends in the gladness of innocence there;
And now, ere they leave us, sweet kisses and light
They lavish, repeating their merry "good night,"
While I, with my needle, my book or my pen,
Or in converse with him am contented again,
And cry—"Can I ever be tempted to roam,
While blessings like these make me "happy at home!"

Little Children.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Sporting through the forest wide,
Playing by the water side,
Wandering o'er the healthy fells,
Down within the woodland dells,
All among the mountains wild,
Dwelleth many a little child;
In the burrow's hall of pride,
By the poor man's dull fire-side,
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean,
Little children may be seen;
Like the flowers, that spring up fair,
Bright and countless, every where.

In the far isles of the main,
In the desert's lone domain,
In the savage mountain glen,
Among the tribes of swarthy men,
Where'er a foot hath gone,
Where'er the sun hath shone
On a league of peopled ground,
Little children may be found.
Blessings on them! they in me
Move a kindly sympathy.
With their laughter and their tears,
With their joys and with their fears,
With their wonder so intense,
And their small experience.

Little children! not alone
On the wide earth are ye known;
'Mid its labors and its cares,
'Mid its sufferings and its snare,
Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod,
In the presence of your God;
Spotless, blameless, purified,
Little children, ye abide!

Can the Absent be Forgotten?

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

Can the absent be forgotten?
Can their memories ever die?
Were they loved, to be remembered
As a shadow on the sky?
Can the early ties that bound us,
Like to morning dreams depart?
Forbid it, heav'n, for then will cease
All truthfulness of heart.

Can the absent be forgotten,
Though their silence we regret?
No! Lethe springs from this fair earth,
By which we can forget.
There is something in the memory
Of those we loved and lost,
Upholds love's bark, o'er Time's vast sea,
However tempest tossed.

Can the absent be forgotten?
Can the lips that we have kissed—
The hands that we have pressed in ours,
Be lost, and not be missed?
Can the heart that throbb'd to our heart's
Throb—
The cheek that sought our breast,
As the swallow, wearied from afar,
Seeks its own chosen nest—

Can all these be forgotten—
As a foot-print on the sand,
The dew upon the hawthorn leaf,
We brush off with our hand?
Oh! no, there is a faith in love,
Whose impulses are pure,
That, like th' eternal mountains, God
Created to endure!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Prisoner's Friend. The Suicide and its Cause.

BY MARY A. LIVERMORE.

"What is done, we partly may compute,
But never what is resisted."

The bright sun of a June morning was high in the heavens, and the pretty village of L— lay smiling in its light. The dew-drops, resting on every leaf, and blade of grass, shone with the refulgence of jewels; the wing of bird and insect, that fluttered in the balmy atmosphere, was brilliant with rainbow-like hues, and the little river that wound its way silently through the town, dashed and gleamed in the sunlight like molten silver.

On a slight wooden bridge that spanned the bright stream, stood a small knot of men and boys, watching a dark mass that was borne downwards by the current, while they speculated as to what it might be. One thought it some waste material thrown from the factories above; another thought it a cap-sized boat, or some light shrubby tree from the bank; while others, of keener vision, perceived that it was a human body, floating on the water, and were devising means to bring it to the shore.

After some delay, a boat was obtained, and two men put off from the shore towards the floating body, which they, with some little difficulty secured, and lifted into the boat, when they rowed towards the shore. It was as they had supposed; the body was that of a young girl, hardly seventeen years of age, and some among the crowd that had collected on and around the bridge, recognized the form and features of one of the operatives of the factories, who, the day before, was tending her loom among them.

They bore the body to the nearest dwelling, and every means was employed to bring back the life that had departed; but the vital spark had wholly fled, and the physicians made way for the coroner, who proceeded to the usual formalities connected with holding an inquest over the corpse. But the testimony of the witnesses summoned, threw little light on the circumstances of the poor girl's death; and beyond the facts that she was a new comer to the town, was reserved, serious and uncommunicative in her manners, preferring to be much alone; that she was reputed to be unprincipled and dishonest, and was generally disliked by her fellow-operatives, and shunned by them, and had received that very day her discharge from the factory—beyond these facts, little was elicited by the coroner's inquest. She was seen the evening before, for the last time, about the hour of twilight, taking her accustomed walk by the river's side; but, whether she had thrown herself into the stream, or had accidentally fallen in, could not be determined from the evidence adduced, and the verdict of the coroner was rendered accordingly. As there were no relatives or near friends to claim the body, or superintend its interment, it was buried from the boarding-house of the deceased. The occurrence of the death was duly noticed in the journals of the town and surrounding country, and then, like hundreds of similar cases, the whole was forgotten.

Could we read the sorrowful histories that lie back of the frequent suicides, whose brief notice in the papers of the day attracts our attention for a moment, could we know the cruel circumstances that conspire to drive a human being to self-murder, the last refuge of hopeless despair, we should behold more of sorrow, of unsoothed bitterness than we dream exists in actual life. That existence must indeed be dark, which is voluntarily thrown away—that heart indeed burdened, which refuses to bear up longer, and seeks the rest of the grave!

Let us unravel the past history of the suicide of our story, and gather the circumstances that caused her to rush, unbidden, into the dim and mystic future—and then let us remember that hers is but one of a thousand like cases.

Few who read the brief notice of Elizabeth Barnard's death, imagined how bitter a trial had closed with her existence, nor how much of sorrow and suffering had been crowded into her short and humble life. From her very birth sorrow seemed to have marked her as her victim; for she was born of parents, who were not only steeped to the very lips in poverty, but who were also wholly given to habits of intoxication: Her earliest recollections of home and parents were sufficient to crush all joy from the heart of a being as deeply sensitive as she; and the terrible impression made upon her youthful fancy by the horrid death of her father, was never effaced from his mind. He died of delirium tremens; and his furious struggles with the men who held him on the ragged and unsightly bed on which he died; his fearful groans and shrieks, his wild imprecations and terrible blasphemies, his distorted face, glaring and blood-shot eyes, distended nostrils and foaming mouth, together with the small, ill-furnished, untidy room, the broken chairs and tables, and the reeling form of her intoxicated mother, made up a ghastly picture which was etched into her very soul, and dwelt in her thoughts for the rest of life.

After this never forgotten event, came four or five years of familiarity with suffering in its worst forms. The mother's all-absorbing appetite for intoxicating liquors rendered her insensible to the claims of her child, and deaf to her wants; and the tender little girl was sent daily into the streets to beg for "cold victuals," "broken pieces," and "pennies," and if she failed to obtain them, blows and cruelty awaited her return home. The torrid heat of midsummer, and the icy snows of winter alike witnessed the begging pilgrimage of the poor little creature, when at that tender age, at which most children are sheltered by parental love, and guarded from the very breath of heaven, lest it should visit them too roughly. Many a mile did she walk, on the bleakest days of our biting northern winter, threading the crowded streets of the city, seeking for "pennies," which were sometimes given, and sometimes denied, while the tears would almost freeze on her thin, pinched, blue cheeks, her little hands would ache with cold, even when tucked under her arms, and her chilled feet became numb where they protruded from the well-worn shoe. And when from the houses of opulence and thrift she was turned harshly away, unrelieved, her hunger and cold aggravated by the savory smell that issued from the kitchen, and by the warm current of air that came thence to her wan face, as gratefully as the kiss of love, many a time has she sat down on the stone steps of the stately dwellings, and wept, as

the half-formed, indistinct wish to die passed through her young mind. Oh God, that there should be such destitution in this world of plenty, such wretchedness, where the means of comfort are so abundant!

Thus passed away the long years, till the little Elizabeth was seven years of age, and then the mother of the child sank under her excesses, and was buried beside her husband. Here now was an opening for some favor of Fortune; and had the orphan fallen among those who were disposed to deal kindly with her, another and a brighter fate would have been hers, than that which we have recorded. But a thorny path seemed marked out for the friendless child, and the family into which she was adopted as a servant, though it furnished her with comfortable food, clothing and lodging, yet dealt with her most rigorously. In the deepest and most repulsive sense of the term, she became its servant; and it soon became evident that Mrs. Weston's only object in admitting Elizabeth into the "outer court" of her family, for beyond that, the child never penetrated, was to perform the drudgery of the house-work, and to be in truth a mere kitchen scullion.

Physical labor, and that which was excessively severe, was imposed upon her, regardless of her ability to perform, fault-finding, reproaches and blows were experienced by her, both when she did ill, and when she did well. Means of seduction were sparingly afforded her, and even the slight chance to improve, grudgingly given her, benefited her but little; for she went from the kitchen to the school room so wearied, that her mind was sluggish and refused to act; recreation, needed by her physical nature for its proper development, and companionship with children of her own or any age, were wholly denied her; none save those in similar circumstances wished to associate with her, and with these she was forbidden intercourse; none loved or caressed her, for the poor girl's appearance was unprepossessing, and there in the present, or hope in the future, she lived on till her sixteenth year. Her spirit, naturally sad, and far from buoyant, was bowed to the very earth; and the strong feelings which accompany a melancholy temperament were so repressed in her own heart, that the channel they wrought in her bosom became deeper for the restraint. The low estimate of herself and her mental and moral powers, which was constantly made in her presence by those for whom she toiled, became at last her own valuation of her abilities, so that there was not a human being than whom she did not feel humbler. Thus lowly in her views of herself, and easily abashed, she scarcely dared raise her eyes to the countenances of those with whom she spoke, accustomed to scorn, contempt and ridicule, she felt surprised and grateful when she escaped them; uncheered and unencouraged, she had no aim in life, no plan to carry out, no bright visions of the future, to seek to convert into realities.

Also, they know not what they do, who surround the young spirit with the atmosphere of kindness! They cannot know how the iron hand of cruelty laid upon the opening mind and heart will dwarf their growth, and stunt their capabilities. They are ignorant of the way they work, who withhold the voice of love, and the word of kindness, from the youthful nature that pants for them, as the hart pants for water!

The time for which Elizabeth was bound to the service of Mrs. Weston's family expired when she was sixteen years old. Then again there was a change in her life. Mrs. Weston had bound herself by a written promise to "give the girl a trade," at the expiration of the term of service; but it was alleged that Elizabeth was too stupid to acquire a trade under any circumstances, although no means had ever been afforded her, and as there was no one to see the orphan right, she was placed in the weaving-room of one of the factories of the town, and told that hereafter she was to look out for herself. This was certainly a change for the better; and after the first few days had familiarized Elizabeth to the din of the machinery, to its whirling, whizzing, incessant motion, which was now upward and downward, then hither and thither, circling and zigzag, and had become accustomed to the strange sights and sounds and smells, that greeted her senses, she realized that her situation was more favorable than it had been.

But new trials here awaited her. Her life of seclusion from society, and her timidity, marked her appearance unbecomingly, and she was soon the butt of their ridicule; and the stolidity with which at first she perceived this, and which she had been taught by experience to assume under such circumstances, and afterwards, as the jokes became broader and the ridicule more unparading, the resentment she manifested, created dislike to her, and made her enemies. Stories of petty wrong-doings, of falsehood, deception and theft, some of them true, and some ill-founded, which proceeded in the outset from Mrs. Weston's family, who, it was urged, "ought to know Elizabeth"—these were by and by, circulated in the factory, with alterations and additions, as they lost nothing in the progress from month to month, and the dejected, unknown, taciturn girl had no defender, what little reputation she at first possessed, was soon destroyed by the foul slander. Her downcast look, her uncountenance, taciturnity, fondness for solitude, and the gloom that ever hung over her face like a dark cloud, though they would have enlisted warmly the penetrating philanthropic observer, were taken as so many evidences of her badness of heart, and strengthened the prejudice against her. The dislike of her became more and more general among the weavers, indefinite complaints were preferred against her, and the overseer of the room finally yielded to the solicitation of some half-dozen pretty-faced, giddy, thoughtless girls, and Elizabeth was discharged from the factory.

This was a sore trial to the suffering girl; she manifested little emotion, but the iron entered her soul none the less deeply. Reproaches and bitter taunts from Mrs. Weston and her family were met, and scorning from all who knew her; and acquainted as Eliza-

beth was with every form of suffering, she was cut to the heart. A second situation was procured for her in one of the L— factories, and terrific threats were made in case of a second dismissal.

"Remember!" was Mrs. Weston's parting language, "remember! if you are dismissed from this mill, you are never to come again to this house, or to ask of me any favor; for if you were dying in the streets, I would not admit you again to my family. So remember, Miss, and never dare darken my doors again, if you lose this place by your misconduct, as you did the other!"

Terrified beyond measure at Mrs. Weston's fearful language, Elizabeth went to L— to her new situation. For a time all went on smoothly; she was treated with more of the semblance of kindness than ever before, those with whom she mingled were ignorant of her past history, and though they thought her demeanor singular, and her whole deportment unaccountable, yet it was passed over with the usual comments.

Not many weeks had elapsed, however, before unfavorable rumors reached L— from her native town; and immediately, such is human nature, uneducated, and unimbued with a spirit of charity, what was before deemed only singular, was now construed into indications of guilt—and Elizabeth felt a renewal of the wretched thoughts which she had passed. Again complaints were instituted against her, again she became an object of dislike and prejudice, and again she received a discharge from her situation. What now was the poor girl to do? She had little to hope, and everything to fear from her former guardians; she had no friends, no relatives, no money, no employment, no character—alas, what could she do?

As she thought upon her situation, despair filled her soul; and as she judged the future by the past, and remembered how her whole life had been a bitter trial, she longed to die. What attractions had life for her? Why should she drink longer of the cup that was unmitigated in its bitterness?

The sun of her last day of life went down, and she walked by the bank of the rolling river; despair settled more hopelessly upon her, and a longing for death each moment growing stronger within her. She reached the bridge—she stood still, and gazed now into the running water, and now at the holy stars, which alone beheld her agony. Tears rolled over her cheek—not the first she had wept, though they were the last—and with the one thought that Eternity could have nothing in store for her, worse than she had experienced in Time, and the vague belief that the God of whom she had heard, but in reality knew but little, compared with other mortals, would not censure the deed she was about to perpetrate, she plunged into the river—there were a few death-struggles—a slight effort to escape the lot she had chosen and the life that had been so darkened by trials was surrendered to Him who gave it.

We may not vindicate the act, although the poor girl seemed driven to the fell deed, as the chamois is driven over the precipice by the pursuing hunters; but let us express no word of censure on a prostrated spirit, because it could not raise itself, before its resurrection from the grave.

From the Cincinnati Herald.

Among the pictures at the Arts Union is the famous serial one, "The Voyage of Life," by T. Cole. It is the property of Mr. Shoenberger. We call it one picture, because, though it is in four frames, it is yet but one whole. Though many of our readers may have seen them, and the rest have read descriptions of them than we can give, yet we cannot forbear the opportunity offered of saying something concerning them.

There are four distinct parts, representing four eras in the life of Man: Infancy; Youth; the hour of the trial of his Manhood; and the hour of Death.

In the first, the stream of life is represented as just issuing from its source in the mountains, and gliding away into the distant and unknown future. On the left, rise dark and frowning rocks, their tops crowned with the glory of clouds, reaching with the light of life sun of spring. On the bank of the stream grow tropic flowers of supernatural beauty, fresh with the joyous life of youth, and beyond the shore the plain stretches away to lose itself in the east. On the stream is the boat of the voyager, curiously wrought like the barge of Cleopatra. At the bow is a figure holding an hour-glass, and along its sides are other figures which seem to give it motion. In the boat, on a bed of flowers, is the infant and, beside him, with his hand on the helm, is his guardian angel.

About the whole of this picture there is an air of luxuriant life which is wonderful. The flowers seem to be products of regions more beautiful than earth, of Eden. The rocks and the sky have a grandeur that is heroic. It is a fitting commencement for the life of man. It is the infancy of one destined to live forever.

The second picture represents the entry of youth upon the stage of action. The guardian has committed the rudder to his hand, and stands upon the shore, as if half regretful, half hoping. The stream glides between banks upon which grow trees lofty and grand in their proportions and heroic in their forms. The picture represents the ripeness of the early summer. The flowers are mostly gone, but there is promise of much fruit. The voyager stands with his left hand on the helm, his right is stretched before him as grasping the future. His eager gaze is directed to the temple of hope which rises against the sky before him, unsubstantial, baseless, but glorious in beauty, rising, arch above arch, colonnade over colonnade, gallery above gallery, till its summit is almost lost in the blue empyrean.

This is, in our opinion, the greatest of the series. The trees, the banks, the sky, cloudless and of an azure that deepens into intensity at the zenith, and above all that majestic though unsubstantial temple, are all the conceptions and the executions of a mind in which strength, beauty, and harmony are equally developed.

The third represents an hour of trial.—Rocks, against whose bases the waters chafe and roar, overhang him; clouds, angry and portentous, lower above him, and in the air is a cloud of demons, shapeless and huge, with wide expanded talons, ready to seize their prey. His boat is going with a headlong speed down a gulf among rocks, on a torrent mad and angry. His rudder is broken, and the voyager, hopeless of human aid, kneels and prays. It is the hour of faith.—On the clouds above sits his guardian angel and smiles. A more than mortal power will guide him through the roaring rapids, and prayer avails where force is helpless.

The last of the series represents the hour of death. The boat has passed from the river into the ocean of eternity, which stretches away waveless and dark. Clouds overhang the scene. The hour-glass has dropped from the hand of the figure, and that itself has gone. The mariner kneels in his shattered bark, and once more beside him, in his gray old age, as in his helpless infancy, stands his guardian angel. On the left of the picture, away in the far sky, the gates of heaven seem opened, and a flood of light streams forth and rests upon the voyager, while myriads of angels, on snowy wings, are hastening down from the worlds of light to bear him up to that land "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Such is a faint outline of the allegory represented by that great series. We cannot transfer to paper any idea of their beauty, of the elaboration of flowers and trees, and rocks and clouds, or of the glory of his skies. To feel these and to appreciate them, one must see them often—must drink in the spirit of the artist—must study them, in all their parts.

The hand that painted them is cold and stiff, the mind that conceived them has gone from the earth, but they remain monuments of a genius which knew no superior; monuments which are the more glorious because in them we may, as it were, recognize the spirit of the man, and behold him face to face.

The Two Brothers.

The following beautiful Arabian legend we copy from the "Voice of Jacob."

The site occupied by the temple of Solomon was formerly a cultivated field, possessed in common by two brothers. One of them was married and had several children; the other was unmarried. They lived together, however, cultivating, in the greatest harmony possible, the property they had inherited from their father.

The harvest season had arrived. The two brothers bound up their sheaves, made two equal stacks of them and left them on the field. During the night the unmarried brother was struck with an excellent thought.—My brother, said he to himself, has a wife and children to support; it is not just that my share of the harvest should be as large as his. Upon this he arose, and took from his stack several sheaves, which he added to those of his brother; and this he did with as much secrecy as if he had been committing an evil action, in order that his brother's offering might not be refused. On the same night the other brother awoke and said to his wife, "My brother lives alone without a companion; he has no one to assist him in his labor nor to reward him for his toils—while God has bestowed on me a wife and children; it is not right that we should take from our common field as many sheaves as he, since we have already more than he has—domestic happiness. If you consent, we shall, by adding secretly a certain number of our sheaves to his stack, by way of compensation, and without his knowledge, see his portion of the harvest increased." The project was approved and immediately put into execution.

In the morning, each of the brothers went to the field, and was much surprised at seeing the stacks still equal. During several successive nights the same contrivance was repeated on each side; for as each kept adding to his brother's store, the stacks always remained the same. But one night, both having stood sentinel to dive into the cause of this miracle, they met, each bearing the sheaves mutually destined for the other. It was thus all elucidated, and they rushed in to each other's arms, each grateful to heaven for having so good a brother.

Now, says the legend, the place where so good an idea had occurred simultaneously to the two brothers, and with so much pertinacity, must have been acceptable to God.—Men blessed it, and Israel chose it, there to erect the house of the Lord!—*Lamartine.*

TUNNEL ON THE GREENFIELD & TROY RAILROAD.

It is doubtless well known to most of our readers, that it is proposed to excavate a tunnel on the projected line of railway between Greenfield and Troy, which will, if carried into effect, be unequalled by but few works of like character in ancient or modern times. The mountain proposed to be tunneled is one of the Taconic range, known as Hoosack mountain, and is situated about five miles from Williamstown. The mountain is one of the highest in the State, composed of hard primitive rock, and about 3000 feet in height, which is nearly double that of Mt. Holyoke. The length of the proposed tunnel will be from four to five miles; time necessary for completion, from four to five years; estimated cost from \$1,800,000 to \$3,000,000. The great length of time required for excavation arises from the fact, that comparatively few men can be employed on the work at one time. It is proposed to sink five shafts at intervals down through the mountain, and then excavate in both directions. We should judge that it would require some skillful engineering to arrange these five shafts in such a line and at such a distance from one another, that the various excavations under the surface would all terminate in one straight line.

The practicability of the work has been denied by some skillful engineers, but it is now universally admitted that it can be done. If it is done, it will remain forever, a striking monument of the enterprise, skill and perseverance, which characterize the people of Massachusetts. To avoid the tunnel and go round the mountain, would extend the line some 19 miles, with a grade of 60 feet to the mile; and all the engineers who have been consulted prefer the tunnel to the surface line.—*Springfield Republican.*

Here are a brace of anecdotes with a moral worth heeding. They touch a sin of frequent occurrence:
SWIFT AND THE LADY'S DINNER.—A lady invited Dean Swift to a sumptuous dinner. She said, "Dear Dean, this fish is not as good as I could wish, though I sent for it half across the kingdom, and it cost me so much," naming an incredible price. "And this thing is not such as I ought to have for such a guest, though it came from such a place and cost such a sum." Thus she went on decrying and underrating every article of her expensive and ostentatious dinner, and teasing her distinguished guest with apologies, only to find a chance to display her vanity in bringing her trouble and expense into view, until she exhausted his patience. He is reported to have risen in a passion, and to have said,—"True, madame, it is a miserable dinner, and I will not eat it, but go home and dine upon a sixpence worth of herring."

The poor Biscuit.—A plain spoken, faithful pastor in the city of —, N. Y., called by request to take tea with one of his parishioners. At the table every thing bore the appearance of plenty and culinary skill. A blessing was invoked—the bell rang and a servant appeared with the smoking hot biscuit, white as milk, and light as the honey-comb. The good lady, looking up with all the seeming honesty which usually prompts such a course, said to her guest, "I really hope, Mr. —, you will excuse my biscuit this evening, they are so poor; I hoped I should have something nice, but they are hardly fit to eat"—at the same time extending towards him the dish containing the pride of her table.—The good man took one, saying as he tasted it, with arch gravity, "They might have been better, ma'am." With a sudden motion the dish was withdrawn, and in a voice in full keeping with the language, she said, "they are good enough for you!" Apologies often conceal, and are often employed to gratify a similar vanity.

COLLONION.—This new preparation, recently invented by M. S. L. Bigelow, of Boston, for the healing of wounds, consists of a solution of gun-cotton in ether. The cotton is entirely dissolved, and the preparation seen in a phial is clear as water. When applied to a cut or wound it hardens into a flesh-colored water-proof coating. As the coating dries it contracts, and thus draws the lips of the wound close together, protecting it from irritation, and leaving the least possible scar.

BUSINESS CARDS.

DAVID WOODRUFF,

MANUFACTURER OF

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SULKIES, &c.

A general assortment of carriages constantly on hand, made of the best materials and in the latest style. All work warranted. Shop on Main street, Salem, O.

JAMES BARNABY,

PLAIN & FASHIONABLE

TAILOR.

Cutting done to order, and all work warranted. Corner of Main & Chestnut streets, Salem, Ohio.

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES.

BOOTS and SHOES, (Eastern and Western.) Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oil and Dye Stuffs, cheap as the cheapest, and good as the best, constantly for sale at

TRESCOTTS.

Salem, O. 1st mo. 30th.

C. DONALDSON & CO.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL HARDWARE MERCHANTS. Keep constantly on hand a general assortment of HARDWARE and CUTLERY.

No. 18, Main street, Cincinnati.

January, 1848.

BENJAMIN BOWN,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GROCER.

TEA-DEALER, FRUITERER,

AND DEALER IN

Pittsburgh Manufactured Articles.

No. 141, Liberty Street,

PITTSBURGH.

THE SUBSCRIBERS take this opportunity of informing their friends and the public generally that they have commenced the Wholesale Grocery Commission and Forwarding business, under the firm of Gilmore, Porter & Moore. All consignments made to them will receive prompt attention. Upon the reception of such, they will give liberal acceptances if desired—charges reasonable.

Address Gilmore, Porter & Moore, No 26, West Front street, Cincinnati.

HIRAM S. GILMORE,

ROBERT PORTER,

AUGUSTUS O. MOORE.

Cincinnati, May 4, 1847.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY,

Revised Edition, just received at the

SALEM BOOKSTORE.

Agents for the "Bugle."

OHIO.

New Garden; David L. Galbreath, and T. E. Vickers. Columbiana; Lot Holmes. Cool Springs; Mahlon Irvin. Berlin; Jacob H. Barnes. Marlboro; Dr. K. G. Thomas. Canfield; John Wetmore. Lowellville; John Bissell. Youngstown; J. S. Johnson, and Wm J. Bright.

New Lyme; Marzena Miller. Selma; Thomas Swayne. Springboro; Ira Thomas. Harveysburg; V. Nicholson. Oakland; Elizabeth Brooke. Chagrin Falls; S. Dickenson. Columbus; W. W. Pollard. Georgetown; Ruth Cope. Bundysburg; Alex. Glenn. Farmington; Willard Curtis. Ohio City; R. B. Dennis. Newton Falls; Dr. Homer Earle. Ravenna; Joseph Carroll. Hannah T. Thomas; Wilkesville. Southington; Caleb Greene. Mt. Union; Joseph Barnady. Malta; Wm. Cope. Richfield; Jerome Harburt, Elijah Poot Lodi; Dr. Still. Chester & Roads; H. W. Curtis. Painesville; F. McGrew. Franklin Mills; Isaac Russell. Granger; L. Hill. Hartford; G. W. Bushnell. Garrettsville; A. Joiner. Andover; A. G. Garlick and J. F. Whitmore.

INDIANA.

Winchester; Clarkson Pocket. Economy; Ira C. Maulsby.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Pittsburgh H. Vashon.